

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

VOL. IX

Registered U. S. Patent Office

JUNE, 1928

No. 5



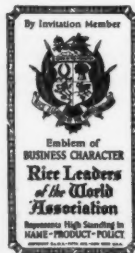
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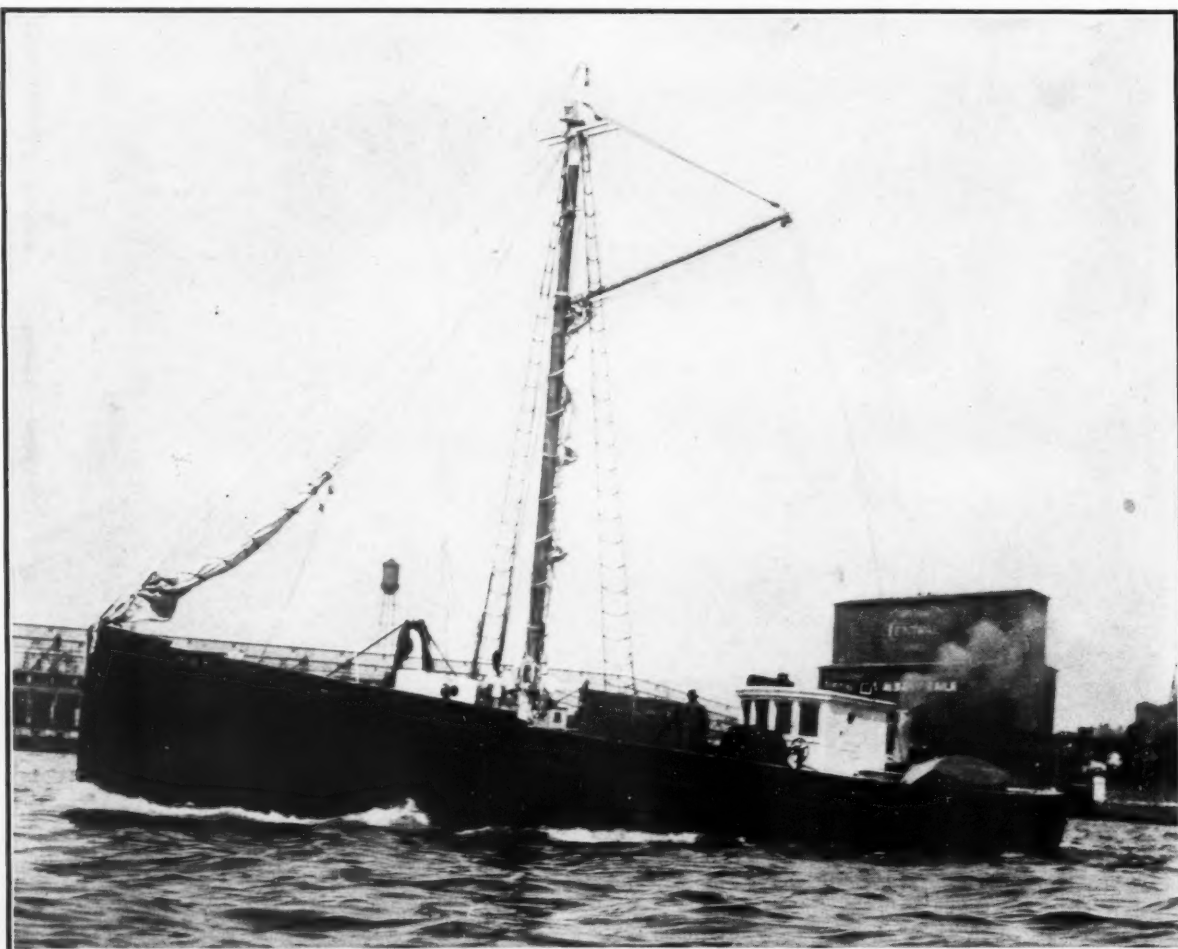
Thousands of Bessemer horsepower are active partners in the fishing fleets.

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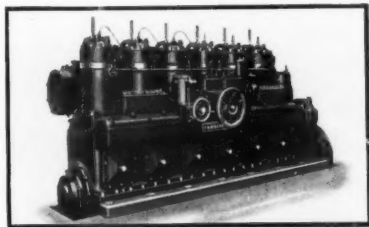
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Bethlehem Type M Diesels are built to serve one main purpose; to propel yachts, tugs, fishing smacks, ferries or any other type of small power driven boats.

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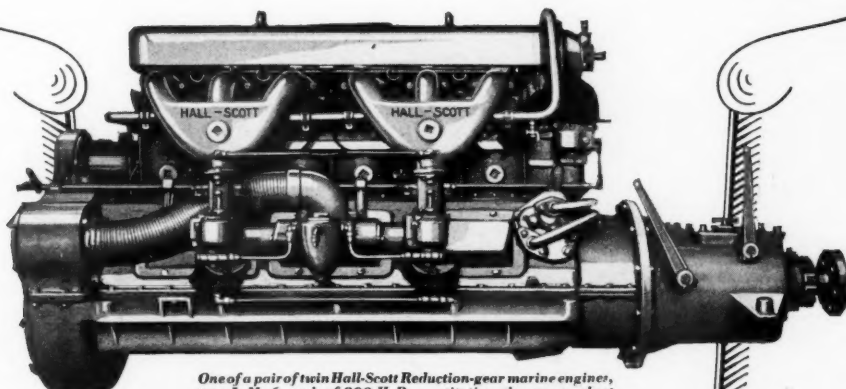
3 Cylinder, 90 horsepower Bethlehem Diesel and the work boat "Dannie" in which this engine is installed.

# BETHLEHEM

## DIESEL ENGINES



WHEN YACHTSMEN SAY "POWERED BY  
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*One of a pair of twin Hall-Scott Reduction-gear marine engines, type L. M.-6, each of 200 H. P. constituting the power plant of the "Roamer IV", shown below, owned by Mr. Earl Holley, president of the Holley Carburetor Co., Detroit. Length 52'-0"; beam, 10'-0"; draft, 2'-9". Speed, 28 M. P. H.*

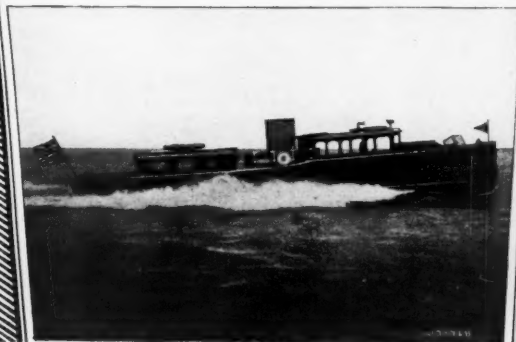
**I**nfallible dependability is an outstanding attribute of Hall-Scott Marine Engines. It is universally recognized by those true yachtsmen who regard thorough knowledge of their boats' power-plants as an integral part of the sport. ¶ Furthermore, the Hall-Scott, being a reduction-gear motor, weighs less and takes less space per horsepower, requires less fuel and lubricant, needs far less attention. ¶ Wherever the initiated gather, wherever noted marine engineers discuss the latest improvements in equipment and in design—there you will repeatedly hear them say "She's powered by Hall-Scott," in a manner which unmistakably denotes "What more need be said?"

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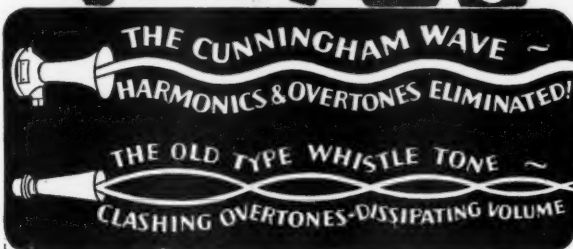


**T**HIS ARROW mark is your guide to longer wearing boots. It is placed by Hood only on those boots that show longest wear by test—not only sole and leg, but top, too—where the greatest wear comes in fishing service.

Made by HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, Watertown, Mass.



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**T**HIS diagrammatic drawing illustrates the startling difference between the far-reaching sound waves of the famous Cunningham Air Whistle and the weaker waves discharged from the ordinary obsolete-type whistle or horn.

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The scientific Cunningham is simplicity itself only three parts... is indestructible and fool proof... operates on from 10 lbs. to 250 lbs. air-pressure using one-tenth the energy usually required... cuts densest fog bringing back booming echoes. Under all conditions the Cunningham has proved its superiority over all other known signal devices!

A size for every class of craft afloat... for docks, busses, airplanes, locomotives, crossing signals, factories in use wherever you must be heard.

[For economy, buy the whistle with  
pressure storage tank complete]

Write to nearest address for booklet, describing your needs!  
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### Turns 26"x20" wheel 650 R.P.M.

Adopt Universal Silent Reduction Drive for these two reasons—Better operation, smaller cost.

Here's what Universal Reduction Drive did for J. B. Ehrlich on a 30 ft. fish boat of the Oshkosh Fish Co. shown above. Turned 26" x 20" Propeller—enabled fishermen to do in 4½ hours work that formerly required 13 hours with direct drive motor—saved about \$3.00 per day on operating cost. Proved so perfectly dependable that Mr. Ehrlich writes us regardless of saving he would choose Universal Super-Four with Reduction Drive to any other power plant.

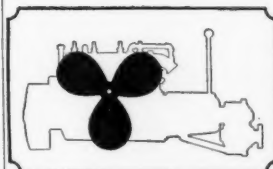
Everywhere Universal Silent Reduction Drive is proving a tremendous success. It is *the modern power plant*, compact, silent, dependable. Send for complete facts before selecting any motor.

## UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY

78 Harrison St.

Oshkosh, Wis.

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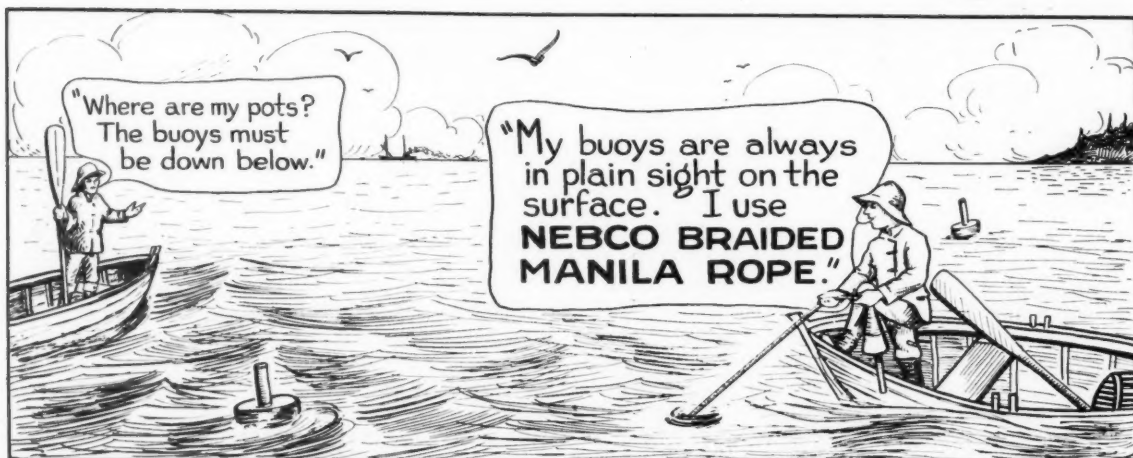
Universal Silent Reduction Drive is built in 2¼ to 1 and 1¾ to 1 reduction. Diagram at left shows comparative size of Universal Super-Four Motor and Wheel it turns through Reduction Drive.

# Universal

1-4-6-8  
Cylinder

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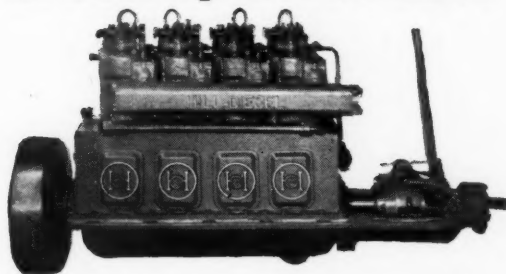
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An ever increasing number of these engines are being installed where constant dependable service is the most important consideration: They are extremely economical in operation and upkeep, require no auxiliary equipment for starting, use the cheapest fuels.

*Write for new catalog*

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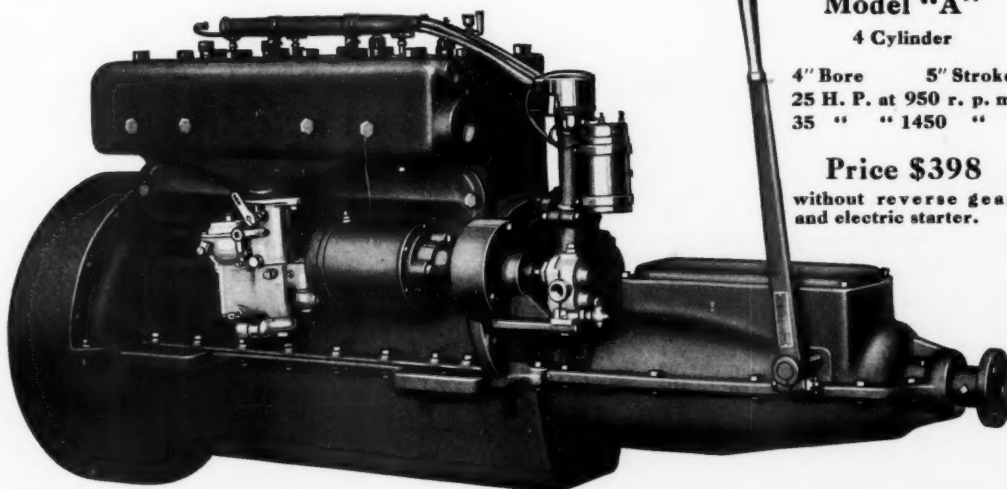
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## Extreme Economy in Fuel and Upkeep

—has been proved of Roberts Motors in competition with other makes in fishing work.

A special type of pre-heating intake manifold gives perfect combustion of low grade fuels. This manifold also allows no raw gas to enter the cylinders, thus eliminating one of the principal causes of wear. Long life and low cost are the features of Roberts.



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4" Bore      5" Stroke  
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## EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

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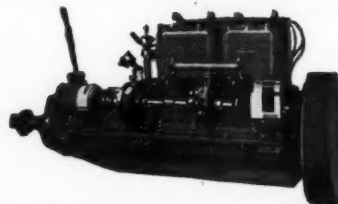


## WHITLOCK CORDAGE CO.

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THE MOTOR WITH POWER TO SPARE



The AA 18-24 h.p. four-cylinder THOROBRED; bore 3 3/4 ins. Stroke 4 3/4 ins. With or without electric starter. Medium duty or high speed types.

## MODEL AA 18-24 H.P. RED WING THOROBRED

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Bore 3 3/4", Stroke 4 1/2"

A splendid type of fishing boat engine; powerful, economical to operate, reliable and long lasting. This is one of our most popular sizes and has been used in hundreds of fishing boats along the New England Coast for years with perfect satisfaction. 12 other THOROBRED sizes from 4 to 150 h.p. in 1, 2, 4 and 6 cylinder models, medium duty or high speed types.

New 1928 Catalog on Request.

## RED WING MOTOR CO.

Red Wing, Minnesota

New England States Distributor:

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1043 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

The purpose of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is to be a factor in the industrial growth of the commercial fisheries. To this end, the magazine is dedicated to the prime factors, in effect the creators, of the industry—fish producers, men who either fish themselves or who are instrumental in production through immediate interest in floating property.

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN serves its readers by discussing fishery topics; by presenting new methods, gear and designs by being sufficiently interesting to afford relaxation from the strain undergone by those who follow the sea.

While we realize that successful re-handling and re-selling are vital to producers, experience shows that the division between distribution and production is so distinct in the fishing industry that it is impossible to serve both faithfully. Therefore, the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is published exclusively for producers—captains, owners and crews of fishing craft.

# ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

Vol. IX JUNE 1928 No. 5

Published Monthly at

92 West Central St., Manchester, N. H.

By ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, INC.

Main Office 62 Long Wharf  
Boston, Mass.

LEW A. CUMMINGS ..... President

FRANK H. WOOD ..... Manager

10 cents a copy \$1.00 a year

Entered as Second Class Matter February 1925, at the Post Office at Manchester, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

## There's Just as Good Fish

By F. H. Winslow, Vinalhaven, Maine

*Pay out your sheet  
The breeze is fair  
There's a touch of Spring  
In the April air.  
And give her the top-sail  
And stay-sail too,  
We're bound for the Banks  
Board the Annie Lou.*

DOWN along our Maine shore in the month of April there is a hustle among the fishermen. Boats and vessels are put onto the ways and painted and worked into shape for the summer business. Gear is overhauled, nets and lobster pots repaired, moorings reset and everything put in order.

I know of no other business that offers so many alluring rewards as fishing. The open air, the sparkling sea, the flight in the morning, the run to the grounds, baiting and setting the trawl or hand lining. Which ever way you get them there is sure fascination in the game. And then when you have your catch aboard and square away for home over a sea glorified by the setting sun to me it means a day worth while. I have been out with many of our skippers for a day's fishing and I have yet to find a man of them that does not live intensely his fishing life.

And the financial reward is good, but I make that secondary for I believe the experiences incidental to making a living come first. A few years ago we had quite a few vessels owned at Vinalhaven. They were fishermen, captained by our own men and they landed some mighty catches of cod and hake. Those were the days when Lane and Libby bit their size into the fish business.

When such men as Capt. Sam Thomas of the Schooner *Lizzie Maude*; Capt. George Smith, (Hake Smith), of the *Evelyn L. Smith*; Capt. Llewellyn Smith of the *Bertha May*; Capt. Ira Smith in the *Caroline Vaught*; Capt. Ed. Pulk

aboard the *John Nye*; Capt. Preston Ames in the *Lottie Hopkins*. Other vessels that sold here *Benj. & Fannie Smith*, the Turners of Bucksport with a fleet of three to five vessels. Digby vessels sold their catch here. Capt. Arthur Longman, *Quickstep*; Capt. Ansel Snow, *Effie Morrissey*; Capt. John App, *Lizzie J. Lutz*; and many others were on the job.

Our Lane & Libby handled from four to five million pounds of fish yearly. Their capacity was 8,000,000 lbs. They had a plant of 85,000 square feet floor space, 2,000 hogsheads for pickling. They had a dryer that cured 700 quintal of fish at one time. Made a specialty of boneless fish, also made 500 barrels of glue yearly. And 300 tons of fertilizer per year, 250 barrels of oil. They were internationally known and shipped their products everywhere fish was consumed. The idea of this article is to illustrate the old saying, "There is good fish in the sea, as ever was caught."

This is the idea for Vinalhaven, outside on the shoals the cod and hake are schooling just as plenty as they were when our fishing plant was in operation. Today all is needed is men with a little capital. Men that will take a chance and build up a business and make a fortune. Why not? Plenty of experienced men to be had to operate. Good harbor, splendid facilities to outfit, a good sail loft for new and repair work. The small boat's catch is no mean item and if a larger market was established there would be more fish. At this time of writing, May 4th, the pollock have struck this coast and the boats are getting capacity catches. All we need is someone to start the game and it will run itself, so

*Come on Mate don't be afraid  
There is just as good money  
As ever was made.*

*And also to illustrate  
An old time thought  
There is just as good fish  
As ever was caught.*



# Black River Abandoned by Fish and Man

By William J. McNulty

A QUARTER century ago, Black River was a thriving fishing settlement on the shore of the Bay of Fundy. It had a population at its height estimated at approximately 4,000. Now Black River is but a ghost of a prosperous past. In other words, its future is behind it.

Lobsters, sardines and larger herring, line fish and seine fish were very plentiful at Black River. This section seemed to be favored by Nature to an astonishing degree in this abundance. It was the mecca for fishermen for many years. They moved there singly and with their families for a half century, and practically everybody in the town relied either directly or indirectly on fish production for his or her existence.

Today Black River is as dead as Tom and Jerry, the famed twins of pre-Volstead days. The population of the present is less than a hundred. Unoccupied houses rotting. Business dormant. Fish extremely scarce. Everything seems as flat as a griddle cake.

What's the cause?

The prevailing impression is that Black River is jinxed. Dame Fortune who smiled so long on Black River has dis-

appeared and has bequeathed the once busy fishing port to her daughter, Misfortune. The motive was robbery. Slavin had suspected McKenzie of possessing considerable money that was secreted in the house. Slavin inferred this was buried in the cellar, but he is reported to have found less than \$45. Thus averaging less than \$7 per murder.

Then there was the mystery surrounding the deaths of two picturesque fishermen known simply as John the Connaught Man and his son. There was as much mystery

resulting in the conviction and death of this fiend. It was disclosed that Slavin had gone to the McKenzie home and awakened the family on the plea he had some business to talk over with McKenzie. Once inside, he brutally wielded an axe until the parents and children had been slaughtered. Even when the four year old daughter of the McKenzies, the final victim, pleaded to be allowed to live in return for her doll which she offered to Slavin, the latter responded with a blow from the axe, which smashed the little head to a pulp.

After chopping up the bodies with the axe, Slavin forced Breen to help him in starting the fire which destroyed the building, his aim was to cover up his terrible crimes.



*Shores of the Black River section are devoid of all except a few pleasure seekers.*

appeared and has bequeathed the once busy fishing port to her daughter, Misfortune.

The baleful influence which has throttled Black River began to assert its presence some time after the discovery of the mutilated bodies of William McKenzie, his wife and five children, at Black River. McKenzie had divided his time between fishing and tailoring. He had been attracted to the town because of its prosperity, and had brought his wife and family to his new home from Scotland.

Early one morning, the neighbors awoke to find the McKenzie home in ruins. It had been destroyed by fire during the darkness, being in a rather isolated position. Examination of the debris revealed that the skulls of the victims had been beaten in. Suspicion was directed at two men, Patrick Slavin and George Breen, both of Black River. Slavin was middle aged and Breen was in his twenties. Slavin was recognized as a bad character, an individual to whom work was as repulsive as it is to the average thug. It was realized he was a thief, but few there were at Black River who dared to peach on this precious pair. For Breen was Slavin's aid de scamp, more of a tool than anything else. Like everybody at Black River, Breen was afraid of Slavin, for the latter's reprisals were known to be severe. Many a man had vanished after a dispute with him.

But it was impossible for Slavin to avoid arrest for the slaying of the entire McKenzie family. Breen was also placed in custody and gave testimony against his mentor,

around the lives and the pasts of these individuals as about their deaths. All they would divulge was that they had come from Connaught in Ireland, attracted to Black River by the excellent fishing.

Both father and son were eccentric. Very much so. During the cold weather neither of them did much fishing. Neighbors supplied them with enough food, principally fish, to keep them alive. The old man and son were stricken with illness. What the malady was nobody learned. The nearest neighbor neglected to visit the shack occupied by the father and son for about a week. When another fisherman entered the roughly built habitation, he found the frozen bodies of the Irishmen.

Not long after this, the neighbor who had neglected to aid the eccentric father and son, fell from a wagon and received injuries from which he died.

Lobsters which had been more abundant at Black River became less plentiful. For years there was such an abundance of this shellfish in the Black River section they could be gathered up by the basketful on the shores and rocks at ebb tide. As the years passed, lobsters grew scarce. The exodus from Black River began, on a small scale.

Results from line and seine fishing became less important. The exodus of the fishermen and their families assumed larger proportions. With the scarcity of the fish of all kinds growing so pronounced it was impossible for all of them to live by their efforts on the sea.



Each year, the population of Black River and its environs diminished. Others struggled on, in the hope that Black River would, in time, be restored to its former prestige as a fishing port. Smokehouses that had been active for several generations of families were abandoned. The curing and drying and packing of fish dwindled in volume.

One of the few who have clung to the sinking ship is Oscar Craig, one of the picturesque hermits of the world. For about forty years, this quaint individual has lived on one site at Black River, not far from the village, and close to the ruins of the McKenzie home.

Although it is declared by hundreds of people that the ruins are haunted, and that after dark, agonizing moans waft through the atmosphere, Craig refuses to desert his crudely built home. He has a shack and a workshop, being of an inventive frame of mind.

Craig is now past the eighty mark but is as active as an aggressive bee. When county authorities tried to incarcerate him in the county home for the balance of his days, he disappeared in the woods and did not reappear until the officers had departed. He absolutely refuses to quit the Black River section. His case parallels that of John the Connaught Man, as Craig is a man of mystery. A middle

ly on the fishing for livelihood. Farming and pulpwood operations have dwarfed the fisheries in their lives, the fishing being only a side line instead of the big idea, now.

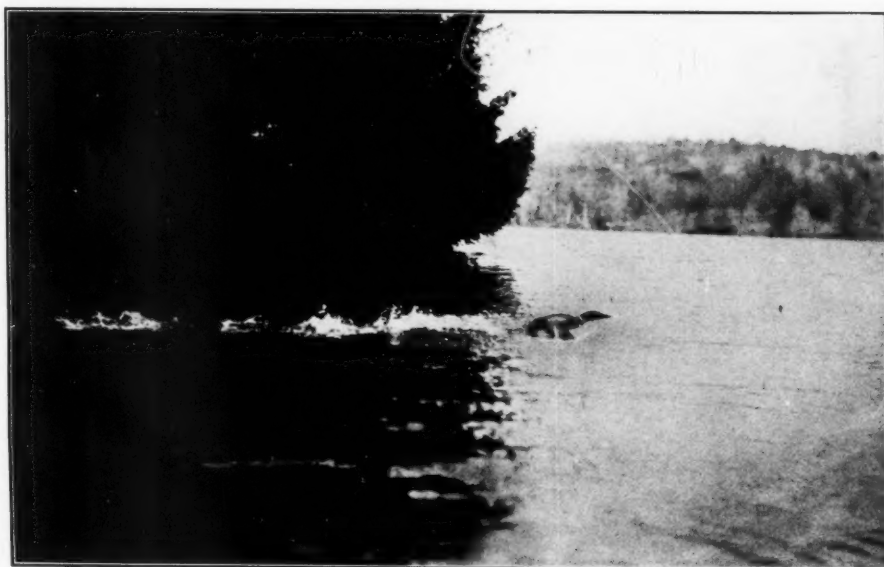
Nowhere so completely have the fish deserted a fishing port as at Black River. One, very frequently, notices scarcity of the line fish or the net fish. Or, operation of weirs is unprofitable. Lobsters, scallops, clams, oysters, among the shellfish, are often far from abundant. Elsewhere it's usually one species or another of fish that is scarce. Not so at Black River. No type of sea food is plentiful there now.

Some years ago sardines were plentiful there, but weir operation at Black River at present is a total loss. The little herring pass Black River by. The large herring have been very abundant for about a year in practically all parts of the maritime provinces. Not so at Black River. In other sections of the Bay of Fundy the fishermen have caught them by the barrel, the difficulty being to market them.

This difficulty has been so great, owing to the surplus of herring that suspension was made of the law prohibiting the sale of this fish for use as fertilizer and in the manufacture of meals and oils. It has been a veritable avalanche of big herring.

The producers at Black River have not had the market-

Only the loons are  
catching fish at  
Black River  
now.



aged son also lives with him at times. However, the son although mentally unbalanced, is more fond of human associations than his reclusive father.

Not far from Black River, a woman known as Maggie Vail was murdered. A suspect was arrested and a gallows ordered erected in anticipation of conviction and sentence of death by hanging. John Munro, an architect, directed the building of the scaffold. After the completion of the gallows, Munro was arrested and convicted of the slaying. He was executed on the scaffold he designed and built.

There is a surplus of mystery about Black River in more recent years, according to those who have been familiar with Black River that was. The decrease in fishing has been astounding, in fact, one can hardly visualize the reduction in these activities, and, one of the most distressing phases of the depression is, there is no indication of even a slight improvement. Other fishing ports have their ups and downs, their lean years and their fat years, but they are all lean years for this once flourishing port on the Bay of Fundy.

More fish would be taken out of the water at Black River when conditions were at their best, in one year than would be caught in fifteen years at the prevailing ratio. Not a plant is active in smoking, drying, pickling, salting, etc. The once large fleet of boats has dwindled to a few small motorboats, with the producers compelled to dabble into agriculture to keep the wolf from the door.

Very few of those remaining at Black River depend sole-

ly on the fishing for livelihood. The herring catch there has been comparatively small, while oodles of them were being captured elsewhere.

Lobsters are now the most profitable of all fish for the producers in the maritime provinces. At one time, Black River was alive with lobsters. At that time the prices were low. Now, with the prices heading for altitude records, and a stiff demand also for the non-shippers from the canning plants, the crustaceans have forsaken Black River almost entirely. This applies to the small as well as the large lobsters suitable for exportation to the United States.

Salmon, shad and gaspereaux, seine fish, once very plentiful at Black River, rarely appear there now. Salmon and shad are in great demand in recent years, and the prices of each have soared loftily. In particular has the exportation of salmon and shad, with the emphasis on the salmon, been increasing in volume, to the U. S. Black River, when at its zenith, was known among the Fundy producers for the big salmon catches. Prices of the three seine fish were then skirting the bottom.

A scallop bed that had been in evidence at Black River has, apparently, disappeared. No scallops are being dragged there now, although the supply was declared as illimitable. When the scallops were being raked at Black River, the prices were very low and the demand very weak. Now the prices are comparatively high and the demand is keen. Scallops are more abundant than ever in the Bay of Fundy,

(Continued on Page 28)

## Norwegian Fishing Boats

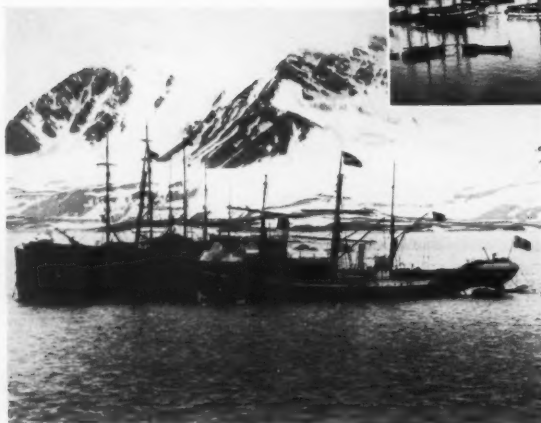
THE accompanying cuts illustrate Norwegian fishing scenes. The upper left shows a whaler putting to sea, and the lower left is of whale ships at Bell Sound. The other three illustrations are typical Norwegian sights.

These Norwegian double-enders, known as "Hvalorsjote", are used as fishing and pilot boats on the southeastern coast of Norway. These boats are remarkable in many respects, especially when the fact that they are built without plans or models of any kind is considered. As a general type they run from 30 to 45 feet over all length, with the beam about one-third and the draft one-ninth of the length. The overhangs are moderate, with the typical Scandinavian curved stem and stern post. The keel has a pronounced

builder. Some builders use a few forms taken from some previously built boat; others use only a bevelboard giving the flare of each plank amidships for some other boat. Otherwise the form is by eye and spring of planks. The planks are held in place by shores and the "sawn" timbers fitted after the boat is all planked. Many of these boats are very handsome craft, smart sailers and good seaboats, the only criticism being that the draft and displacement are too light.

The boats carry inside ballast—generally iron ore. They are cutter rigged, with mast stepped well back from the stem and with housing bowsprit and loose-footed mainsail.

An impressive feature is the self-steering of these boats.



Photos by Ewing Galloway.

drag so that the draft at the heel is about twice that at the forefoot. The construction throughout is oak, except for the fir deck planking, clinker built, with treenail fastenings everywhere. Even the plank seams are fastened with treenails about  $\frac{5}{8}$  of an inch in diameter, with a countersunk head on the outside and wedged with a soft wood wedge on the inside.

The midsection is of a pronounced "S" section, thin in the garboards, which are almost vertical amidship, with a rather flat floor, medium bilge and flaring topsides. The waterlines are well shaped and fairly full, with no hollows except below the load water.

The shape and general characteristics, however, differ considerably with the locality and with the individual

The boats sail themselves for hours with all sails set—lee rail awash and making six to seven knots in the fresh breeze which generally blows along the coast on summer afternoons in Norway. The man on deck spends a few minutes in trimming sails and adjusting the rudder, the tiller being secured by two iron pins fitted in holes in the heavy coaming. He then does odd jobs while keeping a general lookout. The boats are always steered by tiller, the helmsman standing in a small steering pit, about three feet square, with one hand on each coaming and the tiller against his hip.

To watch the fishermen handle their boats is a constant pleasure. The way they dodge breaking seas and their maneuvering through narrow crooked channels at night is nothing short of uncanny,



By The Fisherman's Doctor

**A**FTER a winter and late spring marked by successive gales which destroyed much lobster gear along the coast, the lobstermen found that a great influx of Nova Scotia lobsters affected the market and lowered the going price paid by the smackmen from around thirty-five to twenty cents a pound. In addition, in many places the catch is reported as falling off. Nearly all the larger smacks have been very busy bringing large cargoes of lobsters from Novie to Western markets.

The *Willard-Daggett* came in from Westport, N. S., with ten thousand pounds. The *Consolidated* under Capt. Dodge has made several trips bringing large loads to Boston. The *Onaway* brought eleven thousand pounds from Tugket island and returned for more. The *Edward J.* has brought many cargoes from Freeport, N. S. Other smacks have been bringing in cargoes from the coast towns and islands of Maine. The *Thelma* gathered up two thousand pounds at Matineus, and more at Loud's island and took them to Portland. The *Aspinet*, Capt. Wallace, brought a large cargo from Port Clyde and Georges island.

Reports continue to come in off large losses of gear from the spring gales. Bait was at first rather scarce and high priced but has become more plentiful, though the weirmen have not been flourishing.

The little flare-up over suggestions of change in the lobster laws has seemingly subsided but is ready to rage more fiercely if anyone starts agitation. Most fishermen want the law retained as it is. Another controversy over an attempt to seek contributions from lobstermen for lobster dinners for 1929 legislators was quickly suppressed as of no importance. There is no need of baiting legislators with lobster dinners, and no valid reason for expecting the Sea and Shore Commission to furnish such dinners either at its own expense, or by distributing the expense to individual lobstermen. There is some prospect for Congress to help the lobster industry by improving Corea harbor, and furnishing adequate anchorage for the lobster boats, as through efforts of Senator Hale and Congressmen Nelson and White, a rider was attached to the rivers and harbors bill appropriating funds for survey of Corea harbor, and ultimate favorable action is expected.

Eastport early in April was full of expectancy of a busy and very active sardine season, and packers' hopes were high, as most of last season's pack had been disposed of, mostly to advantage, and factories were gotten ready and equipped and workers enrolled ready to commence business as soon as the season legally opened, always with the proviso that suitable fish were obtainable in sufficient quantities. But the fish failed to meet the schedule, and the chief herring traffic master failed to cooperate with the waiting packers. The season opened and a few factories set their crews to work on broken time, constantly expecting that after the britt which showed, that oil size herring would report for duty, but they didn't do it. Then some of the larger plants were destroyed by fire through the curious concatenation of concurrent circumstances.

The American Can Company started up and 110 men and women were put to work operating ten lines of can making

machines, and many more workers expected employment. The old No. 7 plant of the Seacoast Canning company, which had been destroyed by fire two years ago, was cleaned up, and useful materials were sold, and the site was put in readiness for rebuilding, but to date there is no active prospect of rebuilding. Many families who had moved away during the long period of unemployment came back hoping and expecting work in the canneries, but so far their hopes have been fruitless.

About the middle of April the boneless herring department of the B. H. Wilson Fisheries was burned and supplies of prepared smoked herring, cartons and much equipment were destroyed at approximate loss of \$5,000. A few more factories started up part time but herring remained unusually "skuree", and the dearth was laid to unfavorable tides, and large numbers of people somehow lived on hope.

Weirmen on both sides of Passamaquoddy bay and all along the border got their weirs in readiness but the little fish would not occupy the quarters provided for them, no matter what the attractions. For fifty-two years herring fishery has been a most important industry but not enough fish have arrived to keep one factory running near full time. Some professed experts blame the lamentable present circumstances on the unusual winter and a late spring, but the fish do not listen to reason. Maybe the packing season will have to be changed by new enactments.

The Blanchard Canning factory opened for the season about April 24th, and had good business for one day. No. 3 of the Seacoast Company also received fish about same time and commenced operations. But it's too expensive to open a large plant without plenty of fish to keep daily operation. All Eastporters are praying for herring. The M. C. Holmes plant was opened early in May but supplies of herring in even half sufficient quantities have failed to appear.

About the seventh of May schools of haddock arrived and furnished work for many fishermen, and also cod, pollock and hake are now schooling.

Some packers are now willing to conduct an advertising campaign if some yankee genius devises the means of making the want known to the herring, but

perhaps the latter have been too progressive and have come and have passed right by. In fact quite large numbers of too large herring are at hand, and are being used by the smoked herring manufacturers.

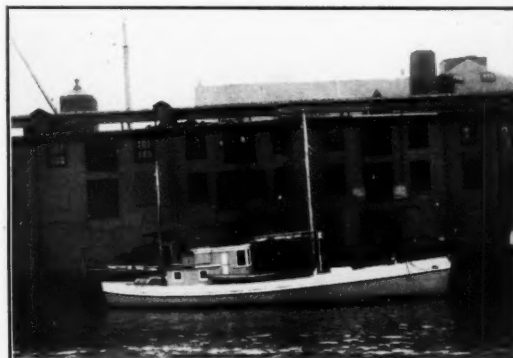
On the 16th of May fire quickly destroyed the large plant No. 3, of the Seacoast Company. The factory was employing 250 workers, was fully equipped and had considerable quantities of supplies and quite a lot of new stock and new pack was on hand. The loss was estimated at about \$150,000. The company will start up plant No. 2, as soon as it can be equipped.

There are nine factories left, and three running on broken time.

Peacock Canning Company at Lubec took its first fish on 16th. Union Sardine Company has been taking a few—all it could get.

A new pearl essence factory has been started at Driscoll's wharf in Lubec with R. M. Cheney as manager. There is another factory at South Portland.

New boats have been added to the fleet at Corea that the harbor is now so crowded that there isn't room for a toy boat. The next new one will have to be taken home by its owner every night and will have to be moored to the piazza rail. Clifford Young has installed a new 30 HP Minus engine in his boat. Maynard Wasgatt has put in a new International 16 HP engine. George Rolfe has bought a twenty-five foot boat and is going lobstering. Lobsters are skuree at Corea and smackmen pay twenty-five cents a pound. Bait is not plentiful but may be had at the weirs for sixty cents per bushel and is delivered at \$1.25. Cod fetches \$2.00, \$1.25 and \$1.00 and scrod, ninety cents. Capt. Greenlaw has



*Smack Louise McLoon*

*Capt. John Crowley in this boat is continuing his last year's hustling, going from Rockland to Clarke's Harbor, loading 13,500 pounds, and arriving in Boston in five days.*



returned from Deer Isle, N. B., and is refitting his boat and has not determined whether he will go lobstering or not. Roy Stewart is buying fish and lobsters.

A fisherman at Stewart's wharf at Corea was wondering why some halibut were much whiter than others so we had to tell him that the white ones got that way by swimming through the cellar drain under the breakwater at Lowe's point on the little Sheepscot river and skimming the cream from the pans in Gramma Lowe's cellar.

Jay Hunt of Portland brought in 22,000 pounds of fish in a 60 foot fishing boat, the largest load of fish ever delivered in a boat of its size. Hunt recently lost his pet dog *Alki* at sea and then got him another guardian for his quarterdeck. He says luck changed with the new dog, and that ever since, the fish have been better and bigger.

A fish boat was upset by a squall near Egg island off New Bedford and Zacharie Rock and Wilfred Ouilmette were drowned.

The gill-netter *Anna C.* under Capt. Christensen landed 100,000 pounds of fish last week, the biggest week's haul of the fleet.

Conditions have been unfavorable for salmon at Bangor Pool but recently sportsmen are hooking the beauties again. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts landed a sixteen pounder at the Bangor Pool recently. The weirs down river and at Verona island are now beginning to get salmon more frequently and prices have lowered. Last quotation was forty cents a pound. Verona fishermen are getting good hauls of alewives, and they make a favorite food item in the river towns.

The Maine Dehydrating Company has started up a new industry to utilize fish waste for making fish meal and fertilizer. A new drying house is being built for Burnham and Morrill which will cost \$4,300. Farmers feed the fish meal to hogs and cattle, and use the fertilizer on their fields, and then send the meat and farm products back to the fishermen for food. The United States converts about ninety thousand tons of fish scrap annually.

The Penobscot Salmon Club has purchased seventy acres of land directly adjoining the Bangor Pool opposite the Bangor Pumping station, and will erect a large clubhouse, and will endeavor to have the river stocked with salmon fry.

Representative White scored in putting through the five year fish culture program bill, unamended. The bill provides for a five year building program for fish cultural stations all over the country, at a cost of \$1,700,000. Maine is due to have a \$35,000 station in the third year. Location of stations will be at discretion of Secretary of Commerce. Bill also provides for study of fish culture with an appropriation of \$750,000 for the five years.

R. B. Stevens sounds a note of warning for the clam packing industry of Maine. He says we are being put out of business by the clam packers of New Brunswick. He advocates a tariff wall to protect the Maine clam industry and the same wall in behalf of Maine lobstermen. Maine has led in the clam packing, and Jonesport has been the leading center, and now the leadership is challenged by the New Brunswick towns. It is claimed that the supply of clams in the province is inexhaustible. Material, labor, taxes, almost everything needful to production is cheaper than in Maine. The Canadians can pack cheaper than we can, can. They make their brags on it, and steadily we are being driven out of our own markets. Canned clams are on the free list. Stevens admits that we were asleep when the tariff bill was made. Several Maine packers are considering moving their plants to New Brunswick if the United States continues to deny us protection. Almost every other industry in this country is protected by the tariff, except the clam packers and the lobstermen, and there are over six thousand of them. Appeal for protection is being made to all the New England delegation in Congress, and especial appeal is made to Senator Hale. Jonesport has been canning clams for over fifty years. There are three large plants packing clams in Jonesport. From November to mid May they pack clams. The Underwood plant in Jonesport is the largest, modern up-to-date plant that exists. The Hinkley Stevens Company annually pack 7,000 to 8,000 cases of clams; the R. B. & C. G. Stevens pack as many. There are a dozen or more factories in other coast towns in Maine which employ hundreds of men and women. Verily it is time that we wake up and stay awake, and be up and doing. Why do not the fishermen heed Director Crie and ally themselves with the Grange or else perfect an organization of their own? In organization there is strength, and effectiveness, too.

Guy Carver and L. H. Simmons have rejuvenated and repainted their lobster smacks at Beals. Brooksville fishermen have just finished a busy season at clamming. Oceanville clam factory has closed after a successful season. The sardine factory at Sedgwick is going to open.

Lloyd Pendleton of Islesboro has purchased a motor boat from E. L. Quinn of Eagle. Arthur Cole of North Brooklin is engineer on the A. H. Mayo sardine smacks. Allen Cole has built a 22 ft. power boat. Erland Quinn of Eagle has installed a new marine engine in his motorboat. The Underwood factory at McKinley has finished canning clams and is now busy canning sardines. Perry Lawson of West Tremont has gone to New Bedford to engage in scalloping. New boats are being built at Winter Harbor.

Frenchboro fishermen have been doing well at hand lining and have found fish plentiful. Sanford Lunt got 400 pounds one day, and 900 the next. Bennie Lunt got 300 and Hollis Dalzell 400 pounds. Whitefield Lunt, a seventy-five year old Atlantic Fisherman went out in his little rowboat, and did a good chore along with the youngsters.

Some cod-liver oil experts at Swan's Island have been taking lessons in trawling as part of their education, and have proved fairly efficient pupils as this is the result of their examination on trawling. Hand trawling varies on different parts of the Maine coast. The fishermen start out at break-o'-day in gas boats, 25 to 35 ft. long, each boat carries six to ten tubs of trawl. Each tub carries eight double lines, a total length of 2346 feet with 730 hooks. These hooks are attached to small lines about a fathom long, some are three feet long and are called gangeings. These gangeings are attached about three feet apart to a heavy line called the ground line. On one end of the ground line is an anchor to keep it on bottom, and a buoy which floats to the surface to show location. The fisherman leaves his harbor early planning to get to the setting grounds at sun-up. Arrived he douses his lantern which has served as tail light, and trouble hunter, if necessary, and stops his engine and drifts while he hauls out his dinner pail from the for'rud hatch, and has a good mug-up. When his belly is sufficiently balasted he stokes his pipe for a good smoke of Everyday. Then he starts his engine in low speed, selects a course to avoid other trawlers, for it doesn't pay to foul the lines of another trawler, as sometimes there is the devil to pay, as every novice learns. Then he sets his end anchor, and with boat running pays out his lines with the hooks tossing them clear with a little stick like a herring stick till the tubful is run out. Then he serves on the end of another tub line and keeps a going till his last tubful is sot. The six tub trawler will set about three miles of line and hooks with 4380 hooks while the ten tubber will set about five miles of line with 7300 hooks. The Atlantic Fisherman anchors and makes the far end of his string, stops his engine and has another mug-up, takes a chew of terbacker to get the grub taste out of his mouth; he cannot smoke a pipe now, going to be too busy, but jaws and hands can work synchronously. Restarting his engine he runs back to his starting buoy, if he can find it, and sometimes he can't. When this happens he has to go back again to the far end and start thence. He pulls in the line, hooks, fish and all, slats off dogs and trash against the side of the boat, chucks the market fish in bins prepared for them, till the last hook is pulled up and sometimes, if he has had luck the boat is so heavily laden that his washboards are just awash. Now he can stop to have a cup of hot tea which he heats on his engine, and then have a comfortable smoke. He now starts the motor, lines up for the run back to harbor, and if it isn't too rough, steers by instinct by an occasional touch to the wheel and goes to work, rapidly cleaning fish, saving the livers of all fish in tubs and barrels arranged for them. Arrived at the fish stand, maybe Harry waits his turn, runs under the hoister, forks his fish into the tray lowered for him, and has them hauled up to the fish deck. Next he bales out his livers and they are delivered in suitable receptacles. Now he gets his boat out of the way of another fisherman, ties up at the boat landing, where he clears up his boat. Then he climbs up and goes to the office and gets his tally. He has brought in from ten to four thousand pounds of marketable fish and several hundred pounds of livers if he is an expert for cod liver oil. Some fishermen do not gut their fish but fork them out at the fishstand round. In that case he doesn't get paid for his livers but the fishwharf gang cleans the fish and the livers profit goes to the proprietor of the stand. At another time we will tell what happens to the livers.





By Harold V. Cunningham

**R**EPORT of the operations of the Lunenburg fishing fleet on the frozen baiting trip shows that the amount taken was practically the same as last year or 33,000 quintals. There was, however, one vessel less in this year's fleet which makes the average per vessel higher than that of last year or 577 quintals as compared with 538 last year. Extremely unfavorable weather conditions were experienced by the fishermen on the trip this year and there is no doubt that given finer weather in which to operate they could have increased the catch greatly as the fish were very plentiful. However, no damage was done to the vessels other than that which ordinarily occur on any fishing trip and the fleet on the whole fared off rather well. A sad feature of the trip was the loss of two fishermen members of the crew of the schooner *Mahaska*, who were drowned when their dory upset during heavy weather on March 22.

The first vessel of the fleet to return home was the *Partanna*, Captain Guy Tanner, which was followed closely by the *Robert J. Knickle*, Captain Clarence Knickle, and the *Marshall Frank*, Captain Frank Risser, all arriving on April 4th. All of the vessels were in port before the end of April. Seventy-three vessels are engaged in fishing out of Lunenburg this year.

Containing many recommendations for the betterment of conditions in the fishing industry in the Maritime provinces the report of the Royal Commission, which went into the matter thoroughly holding sittings at many points in the provinces, tabled its report in the Canadian House of Commons on May 8th. Among the more important recommendations is one regarding the beam trawler, all the commissioners with the exception of one, Hon. A. K. Maclean, the chairman, being in favor of legislation which would prohibit the operation of steam trawlers out of Canadian ports after June 1st. To date the legislature has taken no action to implement this part of the commission's report, but strong objection to its going into effect has been taken by all of the owners of beam trawlers who declare that it would ruin their business and the industry generally.

Dealing with the beam trawler the commissioners in their report state in part: "We believe that one of the remedies for the present situation is the total prohibition of steam trawlers from operating from a Canadian port, landing their catches in Canadian ports, or obtaining in Canadian ports coal or supplies." In his minority report the chairman states: "Evidence available to the commission does not establish any alarming wasteful destruction of immature fish by the trawler, nor does it indicate that the supply of fish is diminishing as a result of such destruction. A prohibition

of the use of the trawler upon this ground would not seem justifiable, particularly, as it is only Canadian trawlers that are prohibited."

The trawler question is taken up at great length in the report and was one of the most difficult problems with which the commissioners had to grapple. Further dealing with the question of the trawler the report states: "The two important questions which call for consideration are the taking of immature fish and the destruction of fishermen's gear. They are questions which can be disposed of solely by international negotiations and arrangements. We therefore recommend that an effort be made by the government of Canada to bring about an international conference or negotiations among the nations from which steam trawlers now operate on the fishing banks of the North Atlantic, with a view to making international arrangements or agreements for the regulating of all fishing vessels on the banks, particularly for the protection of fishermen's gear and for the complete conservation of the fisheries areas."

There are many other important matters in relation to the fisheries dealt with in the report at great length which include a recommendation to the federal government for the



Photo by M. B. Sheppard.

### Sch. Bay State

Gloucester vessel wrecked last December at Sandy Cove, Liverpool, N. S. This photo was taken the day after she grounded. The vessel is now practically broken up.

establishment of a separate department of fisheries. Attention is also called in the report to the condition of the lobster industry in the following paragraph: "If earnest and immediate efforts are not taken to protect the lobster industry it will undoubtedly in a very few years be no longer a profitable enterprise in certain sections. Either adequate laws must be enacted and obeyed by fishermen, canners and dealers, or the industry must very soon disappear. There is no other alternative. If it is to be saved for the future the fishermen themselves must be its protectors; its life is entirely in their hands and they must take full responsibility for its death."

Of particular interest to American fishermen is the commission's attitude to a return to the so-called *modus vivendi* privileges, accorded for many years to United States fishing vessels in Canadian waters, which was discontinued in 1924. The matter of reciprocal port privileges enters into the question largely. The Commission in their report say they can see no grounds for recommending any modification of the present policy and intervening in the negotiations regarding the matter which are now going on between the two countries.

Report of the Eastern Division of the Marine and Fisheries Department for the month of April shows an increase in the

quantity of the fish landed during the period, but a decrease in the landed value as compared with April, 1927. In all 20,384,000 lbs. of fish were taken in April, 1928, compared with 18,950,100 for April, 1927. The value of the April, 1928, catch was, however, only \$758,141 compared with \$812,970 received in April, 1927. The decrease in value can be attributed to smaller catches made of the more valuable fish products, haddock, lobster and scallops. The lobster catch fell off badly or 707,000 pounds, valued at \$88,839. In view of the continued falling off in the lobster catches in the western parts of the province during May the department at Ottawa extended the season beyond the usual closing date May 31st to June 15th.

The opening of last month saw the inauguration of the daily bait and weather reports by radio to the fishermen through arrangements made by the Eastern Fisheries Division of the Department. These reports broadcast from the Halifax lightship have proven of great assistance to the fishermen engaged in operations on the banks obviating the necessity of the vessels returning to port to ascertain bait conditions in any particular section. The reports of weather conditions are also proving of great assistance to the fishermen as well as reports of ice conditions around the Magdalene Islands, where the herring fishery is now on in full swing.

An interesting ceremony and one of major importance to the fishing industry in Nova Scotia took place at Lunenburg on May 18th when the first "baby" steam trawler was launched from the ways at the shipyard of Smith and Rhuland. The vessel is being built for the Smith Vessel Company, which is subsidiary to the W. C. Smith and Company, Limited, of Lunenburg. The boat was christened by Mrs. Himmelman, wife of Captain George Himmelman who will command the vessel when finished. She will bear the name, "Geraldine", after the little daughter of W. H. Smith, M. P. P., president of the Lunenburg Sea Products, Limited. The new trawler will be ready for sea by June 15th. She will be used in the fresh fishing operations on the banks. Depending, of course, upon the success which attends the operations of the *Geraldine* it is anticipated that several other Lunenburg fishing operators will have similar craft and the prediction is made that they will replace the old type sailing schooner for deep sea fishing operations.

While engaged in fishing operations in the Bay of Fundy recently, two Freeport fishermen, Leonard and Lorne Perry, had narrow escapes from death when their engine backfired and the craft caught fire. Loran Perry was severely burned.

Two Canso fishermen, Abner Boudreau and his son, William, were drowned, while fishing off Canso late in April. The elder Boudreau leaves a large family.

Mackerel made their first appearance off the coast of Nova Scotia late in May when they struck near Upper Prospect. The first mackerel was taken by Thomas Beck.

Hugh MacGillivray, customs officer and fisherman, of Malignant Cove, Antigonish county, was drowned while fishing for lobsters near his home late in April.

Prevailing prices for fish at various Nova Scotia parts early in May were as follows: North Sydney—dry cod, 7 cents per pound; Yarmouth—dried fish: cod, 6 cents; haddock and hake, 4 cents; cusk and pollock, 5 cents. Slack salted fish: cod, 3 to 3½ cents. Shelburne—fresh fish, 3 cents; dry fish, 7 cents; Halifax—Dried fish, \$6 to \$7 a quintal; Lunenburg—Fresh fish, steak cod, 2 cents; market cod and haddock, 1½ cents; Halibut, 12 cents a pound.

While engaged in fishing operations off the coast late in April the schooner *Rose Anne Beliveau*, from Salmon River, was badly battered in a storm. Captain Raymond Comeau, the master says that he never before experienced a gale of such fury in all the time he had been at sea. The crew were forced to lash themselves to the deck house to prevent themselves from being swept overboard.

A list of vessels taking part in the frozen baiting trip along with their catches is given as follows: *Andrava*, Lohnes, 400 quintals; *Antaugua*, Parks, 700; *Alastian*, Corkum, 600; *C. A. Anderson*, Mosher, 500; *Bluenose*, Walters, 500; *Beatrice Beck*, Beck, 300; *Grace D. Bochner*, Tanner, 600; *Grace E. Brown*, Tanner, 500; *Marjorie Backman*, Gosling, 800; *Nina Conrad*, Conrad, 600; *J. E. Conrad*, Corkum, 650; *Clara Creaser*, Creaser, 600; *Maxwell Corkum*, Corkum, 700; *Lucy Corkum*, Corkum, 650; *Nina W. Corkum*, Corkum, 750; *Donald Creaser*, Creaser, 300; *Democracy*, Zinek, 600; *Daisy Marguerite*, Smith, 650; *General Haig*, Backman, 600; *Annie B. Gerhardt*, Gerhardt, 500; *Mark Gray*, Lohnes, 500; *Haligonian*, Crouse, 800; *Hamona*, Oxner, 500; *Hermada*, Walters, 400; *Madelyn Hebb*, Tanner, 500; *Mary H. Hirtle*, Cleveland,

550; *S. B. Hirtle*, Conrad, 500; *Jennie Elizabeth*, Ritcey, 600; *W. E. Knock*, Deal, 500; *Robert J. Knickle*, Knickle, 600; *Pauline Lohnes*, Lohnes, 500; *Mahaska*, Cook, 500; *Mona Marie*, Creaser, 500; *Managua*, Wambach, 400; *Mary Pauline*, Romkey, 650; *Marshall Frank*, Risser, 500; *Douglas Mosher*, Mosher, 750; *Agnes J. Myra*, Myra, 600; *Jean M. Madalyn*, Deal, 400; *Clarence J. Morrow*, Cook, 650; *Neva Belle*, Wentzell, 550; *Progressive II*, Knock, 400; *Partanna*, Tanner, 750; *Palitana*, Meisner, 700; *Sigrid Amanda*, Jorgensen, 650; *R. M. Symons*, Hyson, 400; *Marie Spindler*, Spindler, 650; *J. H. Sinclair*, Crouse, 600; *Margaret Smith*, Whynacht, 500; *Jean Smith*, Selig, 675; *Lois J. Thomas*, Himmelman, 1,000; *Elizabeth Warde*, Corkum, 650; *Pauline Winters*, Winters, 500; *Bertha Walters*, Conrad, 650; *Gilbert Walters*, Walters, 550; *Marion Belle Wolfe*, White, 650; *Bernice Zinek*, Lohnes, 650. Total, 32,925.

## The Eel

IF one were to look back over the many beliefs of our forefathers on the nature and habits of eels, the collected material might make as strange a tale as was ever written on the life of any animal, certainly of any fish, for from the time of Aristotle, to this slimy creature has been attributed the most remarkable method of reproduction, anywhere from spontaneous creation out of the slime of the sea, to growth from a horse hair. The eel has managed remarkably well to hide its secrets from the inquisitive eye of the scientist, but it was only a matter of time, for quite recently has man, or rather woman in this particular case, learned the last secret of its life. A few eggs of the American eel were taken in deep water near Bermuda and sub hatched into the ribbon like larvae of the fish. Even with our present knowledge of the eel we are forced to concede to him, still, the right to the title "Mysterious Fish", for there is much we do not know yet, at least with certainty.

## To the Inhabitants of a Maine Coast Town

By a Fisherman's Daughter

YOU may have your busy cities filled with strife and  
slime and greed,  
Where a man is only good for what he owns;  
Where men have lived and died knowing naught but dire need,  
Knowing naught of friendly hands or kindly tones.

Where they grasp your right hand firmly, make you think  
they'll stick to you,  
While they do you with their left hand, and they smile,  
For they think they've put one over, but, my friend, if you're  
like me,  
We have still a trick that beats theirs by a mile.

For if you stop a moment to consider days of yore,  
You'll recall, I think, a little seaside town,  
Where men with sunburned faces worked in clothes of fishy  
gore  
And sou'westers with the ear-flaps hanging down.

Oh, they used to call them shell-backs when they sailed be-  
fore the wind  
At a time when steam and such was hardly known,  
And the Captain gave the orders to a crew of stalwart men  
Who must trust in God and luck to bring them home.

But, friend, beneath that hardness you know as well as I,  
That true and honest love they never lack.  
They grab you by your right hand, smile, and look you in  
the eye,  
And with their left they whack you on the back.

So here's to them, those sober men with eyes of faded blue,  
Who sit beside the fire now and dream  
And tell you tales of how "one night the wind come howlin'  
through  
And struck her just abaft the for'ard beam."

So let's go back again, my friend, to see those men so fine,  
To see that little village by the sea,  
To visit and be happy with the friends of yours and mine  
In the place that means the world to you and me.

## Burnham & Morrill Company Open

### Largest Cannery in Maine Starts Packing Fish

**A**T the big canning establishment of the Burnham & Morrill Company, operations are well under way for packing the trips landed by beam trawlers during the 1928 season. The period for putting up the fresh fish starts early in March and ends about mid June. Last spring more than 6,000,000 pounds of fresh cod and haddock were taken out of the trawlers at the plant.

The company plans to take care of about 40 trips each season and each trip will average from 150,000 to 175,000

parchment paper lined cans, hermetically sealed, and given their final cooking.

The elaborate machinery used in the various stages of preparing and canning the fish flakes is of the very latest design, much of it developed by the company's experts.

It was back in 1871 that this company, appreciating that there were immense stores of sea food off the Maine coast, established a factory in eastern state waters for experimentation in putting up lobsters and clams. Success was almost immediate and there soon appeared the well known Scarborough Beach brand of clams and clam juice, and Red Jacket brand of lobsters.

Other factories soon became necessary and were established on the coast of Maine and in Canada. Today Burnham & Morrill have plants for handling clam products at Pemaquid Beach, Friendship and Medomak, in Maine, and a score in the Maritime Provinces.

It is in the latter that the entire output of lobsters is packed, as the Maine laws no longer permit the canning of the crustaceans. The Maine plants devote themselves to packing the clam products.



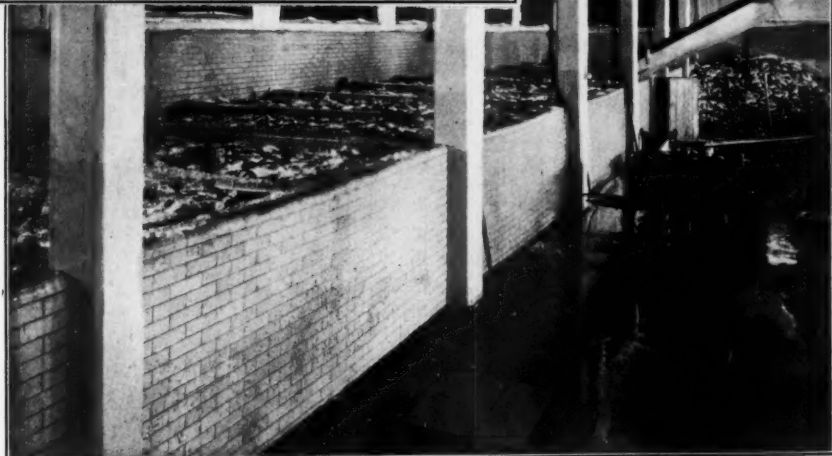
*Cod and haddock waiting for the brine tanks.*

*Pickling tanks are of white tile.*

pounds of fish. They are caught on the Western Bank, off Sable Island and the famous St. George Bay. In preparing an average season's catch Burnham & Morrill use nearly 600 tons of salt. They have had as many as 2,000,000 pounds of fish in their receiving tanks at one time.

The fish are all cleaned at sea and arrive at the factory packed in ice. They are unloaded directly from the hold of the trawler by an electric hoist that lifts a quarter of a ton weight at each trip. Gravity chutes take the fish after weighing and inspection to the receiving tanks. These are of white tile. Each tank is filled to about 10,000 pounds of fresh fish, immersed over night in light pickle or salt water solution.

They are then ready for the different operations of removing head, tail, fins and skin. Steaming comes next and then while still whole, the fish are conveyed to the main building. Finally they are broken into flakes and placed in



Factories are established near such flats and beaches as are famous for the quantity and quality of clams they contain.

It was about 1892 that the company began experimenting on a new method of preparing codfish and haddock. There was a feeling among its experts that the days of the old salt codfish, tough and leathery, accumulating dust in country and city grocery stores; a sea-food that had to be soaked over night to soften it enough to cook, were about over. It was several years, however, before it perfected its system of putting up fish flakes.





### Cunningham Whistles

**F**EW laymen realize or appreciate the important part the whistle plays in navigation. It is as important as the compass, for the far reaching clear tones of the whistle are relied upon to bring back from the shores through fog and mist the warning echoes of impending danger. The experienced navigator can tell from the whistle blasts echoing against adjacent shorelines very



Allen Cunningham

even when visibility is practically nil. The whistle nearly his exact location, is the voice of the craft. It sends out the warnings of danger, the guide for approaching ships in clear weather or foul, and in times of emergency it is upon the whistle that reliance is placed to carry the cry for help and succor.

In 1913 Allen Cunningham returned to Seattle from Alaska, where he had been a mining engineer, and opened a small marine machine shop on the waterfront, launching forth with the construction and design of electrically driven deck equipment for the increasing fleet of gas driven craft, incidentally becoming the first maker of this character of equipment for ships of all sizes, on the Pacific Coast, keeping in the background the germ of an idea, that of creating a new type of whistle which would some day be "Heard around the World."

Something like two years ago the whistle problem was solved, and the work of testing out the new principle started. It was successful. The Cunningham whistle is simple. It is scientifically correct, as those who are familiar with physics of sound understand. The whistle is composed of but three parts—the bell, the base and a vibrating circular disk. This disk with the carefully apportioned air wells behind it, creating sound waves which are uniform in intensity and length, creates a harmonic wave which has ability to reach great distances carrying the tone of the whistle.

The whistles are cast from bronze, carefully machined and polished, unbreakable and indestructible and with nothing to get out of order. The diaphragm of vibrating disk with the location and design of the air space constitute the patented features of the whistle and represent the work of several years on the part of the inventor. These thin vibrating disks are made of a special alloy.

The whistle is unlike any other in its design. It is so made that, unlike the ordinary whistle, when blown its wave lengths are all equal and of exact intensity, whereas, in the other whistles there is a conglomeration of harmonics and varied sound waves all crashing against each other.

It was the development along scientific lines that Mr. Cunningham sought. He appreciated that the whistle must be fool-proof and unbreakable, that it must be operated by compressed air or gas. As a result his whistles are constructed so that they can be attached to small tanks of liquefied gas, so that the smallest craft can install a whistle and have plenty of compressed air, taking but little locker space to store the tanks. Air compressors for other types

of boats are easily obtainable with a cost of operation which makes the Cunningham whistle unusually economical.

Last year more than 2,000 Cunningham whistles were turned out, 350 going to Boston for that market so that today the Cunningham whistles are to be heard on all the fishing grounds of the Atlantic, the fishermen finding in them a long-sought aid. The fishing fleets of the Pacific have been equipped and orders for the whistles are now coming from other nations of the world.

The Cunningham whistle can be heard 12 miles on clear days and this range is only reduced 30 to 40 per cent on adverse weather conditions. The sharp vibrant tones of the whistle produce a sound wave peculiarly adapted to long distance traveling and tests made in Alaska where murky, heavy weather and dense fogs are prevalent at certain seasons of the year have demonstrated the value of such whistles.

### Fourteen Recent Bessemer Installations

**I**NCREASING popularity of Bessemer oil engines, and also the trend toward greater power in fishing vessels, is shown by the fourteen recent installations made by Larry McEwen of the Boston office. Among them is the new dragger fitting out in Lunenburg, the first Canadian vessel of this type. A complete description of this craft will appear in an early issue of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN.

Vessels	Owners	Bessemer Powers
Mary Teresa Carmela	Bellante, Bura & Fici	150 H. P.
Emita	Casco Bay Lines	230 "
Angie & Vence	Mt. Mocerri & Frank Damico	110 "
Beauty St. Joseph	Capt. Joseph Fronterio	170 "
Lois H. Corkum	Capt. William Corkum	110 "
Elizabeth & Ruth	Gorton Pew Fisheries Co.	*170 "
C. F. Lindbergh	Capt. Harry Clattenburg	80 "
Antietam	Capt. Jack Barbara	125 "
Shamrock	O'Hara Bros. Co.	230 "
Mystic	Capt. Frank Rose	*170 "
Mildred Silva	Capt. Manuel G. Silva	170 "
Geraldine	W. C. Smith Co., Ltd., Lunenburg	*230 "
"		60 "
Maritima	Francis Minot	*125 "
Alicia	Capt. Joe Cinciola	110 "

\*With sailing clutch.

### Presto Primer Instantaneous Starter

**A** BOON to those who experience difficulty in starting their motors, especially all who have occasion to do this in cold weather, is offered by the Presto Primer & Reducing Valve Corporation. This attachment which may be used with any ignition type internal combustion motor consists of a Presto tank, a reducing valve, and an injection valve, so arranged that when the valve is opened a charge of acetylene gas is injected into the cylinder forming a mixture that fires at any temperature. No matter how cold a motor is, the faintest spark, it is said, will start it on the first turn. Prest-O-Lite gas, used for starting with this device, is obtainable almost everywhere.

### Nelseco Boston Office

**T**HE New London Ship & Engine Co., in order to give closer attention to the fishing industry, have opened a branch office in Boston. The address is Room 304, 10 High St., and is in charge of Mr. C. J. O'Neil.

The past month he has devoted exclusively to the fishing field, and his efforts have just been rewarded by negotiating a contract with Mr. John Burns, Jr., of the Ocean Trawling Co., for the completion and dieselizing of a 150 foot trawler hull. This vessel will be powered with a 500 H. P. Nelseco mechanical injection engine. She will be unique in the true sense of the word, being the highest powered and largest diesel beam trawler in this country. More complete details of this interesting vessel will follow.





By Alfred Elden

HERE in Casco Bay the last of May finds the fishermen glad that a very poor spring is behind them. In April cod and haddock came well in to the shore and the Hamptons and larger vessels made good catches without going far from home. But it didn't last, and fishing was poor and fishing weather poorer through May.

Captain Levi Eastman, of Cundy's Harbor, will take the *Albert W. Black* out with the swordfishing fleet this June. The *Black* is owned by Captain Granville Johnson, of Portland, but he won't go to Georges this season. "Just pod around in my Hampton," he avers.

One collegian is on record as not being afraid to get his hands dirty in a man's game. "Rip" Black, former star athlete of Portland High School and a recent winner of the hammer throw at the New England Intercollegiate meet at Tech Field, Cambridge, will go swordfishing this June for the second season. He has signed on with Captain Albert Smith, of the *Bernie & Bessie*. "Rip" is a native Bailey Islander and knows boats by their first names. He is a University of Maine sophomore and the son of Captain William T. Black, former well known vessel fisherman, now master of one of the Munson Line steamers.

Included in the vessels that are being tarred, rigged and painted preparatory to the swordfishing season are schooner *Barbara*, Captain Clarence Turner; *Lochinvar*, Captain Frank Doughty; *Benjamin F. Thompson*, Captain William Thomas. As soon as the *Rita A. Viator* returns from a halibut trip to Cashes and Threepenny Banks, Captain Harry Green will also make ready for the swords.

Captain Gilbert Gallant is groundfishing in the *Isa & Beulah*.

Captain Ed Doughty will take the *B. G. Purdy*, a former towboat converted into a fisherman, for the swordfishing season. During the terrific gale of August 24 a year ago which played such havoc on Georges and Browns Banks with the swordfishermen, the *Purdy* and the *New Dawn* lashed together and tied up at a Liverpool, N. S., wharf were swept away by a "bore". The *Purdy* passed under the bowsprit of the British schooner *Wahipi* and both masts snapped like reeds. All of the vessels mentioned above were caught in that blow but despite terrible experiences none was lost.

Acres and acres of fields at Great Chebeague were strewn with newly tarred seines during the last of May. Many of the small boat fishermen are planning to take their share

of sardine herring for the nine factories all ready for business at Portland, South Portland and Yarmouth. All of these factories will buy from independent fishermen even though most of them have their own fishing and collecting boats.

Will Ricker, Captain Gus Doughty, and Captain Gus Dyer, all of Great Chebeague, have bought strings of new nets and will engage separately in the herring seining. Ricker's sons Harold and Robert will fish with him; Dyer's sons Manley and Henry go with Dad; Doughty's sons Warren and Eben will work with father. Captain Doughty's two sons-in-law James Ross and James Rich will also go along in the trim Totem. All are Great Chebeaguers so that island alone will have quite a family party chasing the herring.

Captain Ed Smith, now mackerel fishing in New York waters in the *Sunapee*, will leave early in June for Georges and the swordfish. John Johnson, of Orrs Island, will join him on the *Sunapee*.

Mussel trawl fishing ended the last of May as the mussels were spawning. Bluebacks, herring and shad will be the frozen bait in demand from now until the dogfish crab the small boat fishing game.

Among the new Hampton and other small fishing boats appearing in Casco Bay this spring a very appreciable widening-out of the bows is noticed. The blunt-bowers were

common years ago and now the fishermen seem to be returning to a belief that they take the seas better going into them head on, and with less wallop than do the sharper bow craft.

Tony Gomez of Sailor's Snug Harbor has arrived at Long Island for the summer. Tony was for several years boatman for Rear Admiral Peary and care taker of his Eagle Island. Although he is getting on he likes to do small boat fishing, lobstering and handling through the pleasant months.

Austin L. Guest, of Wells Beach, was fined \$170 for having 34 short lobsters in his possession. He appealed and gave bonds of \$400 for a Supreme Court hearing.

Five Islands fishermen recently caught a large seaturtle in their alewife seine and placed him on exhibition at Syde's fish market in Bath. Up to last accounts the turtle was lively enough but would touch no food.

Hundreds of motorists from all along the western Maine coast visited Damariscotta to watch the spring alewife run. It began May 12 and lasted about two weeks. The fish were larger and more numerous

tempts to leap the miniature falls and reach the higher levels of the fresh water ponds made a spectacle well worth watching. Arthur E. Nickerson, of Boothbay Harbor, who has the contract with the towns of Nobleboro and Newcastle within whose boundaries the fishery lies, pays \$1.30 a barrel this year for the privilege. He generally has salted about 1500 barrels for shipment. Formerly the entire pack was sold on the west coast of Africa and Hayti to negro consumers who prize them highly. The tax on duty on the alewives to those countries, however, has been raised from \$1 to \$3.50 a barrel which makes them rather a high priced luxury for the natives.

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## MUTTERINGS OF THE MASTHEADMAN

THE GLOUCESTER MASTER MARINERS' ASSOCIATION YEAR BOOK for 1928 which is compiled by the publishers of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, includes the following tabulations of the Gloucester fleet at the

close of the year.	
Number of Vessels hailing from Gloucester .....	141
Tonnage .....	9925
Men in Crews ..	1716
Average Age ..	15 1/3 yrs.
Average Tonnage ..	70 1/3
Average Crew ...	12
Average Power ...	75 h. p.
Vessels between 5 and 10 years old	
Average Tonnage ..	100
Average Crew .....	16
Average Power .....	109 h. p.
Average Power (26 vessels with oil engines) ....	115 h. p.

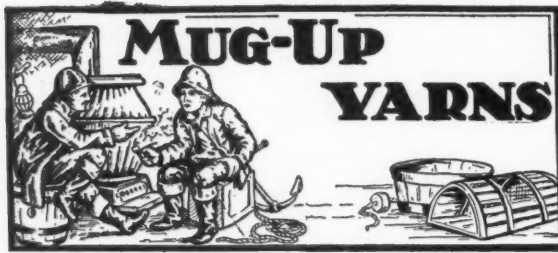
### Gloucester Fleet Statistics

Vessels up to 5 years old .....	29
Average Tonnage .....	65
Average Crew .....	12
Average Power .....	97 h. p.
The general tendency in size and power of the newer vessels is not correctly shown by the above figures because for a short time there was a predominating number of comparatively small vessels built. During the past five years there have been 13 vessels of more than 60 tons added to the fleet, as follows:	
Vessels over 60 tons up to 5 years old .....	13
Average Tonnage .....	94
Average Crew .....	15
Average Power .....	135 h. p.

### Vessels Lost, Abandoned or Removed from Service During 1927

Number .....	11
Tonnage .....	975

(Continued on Page 28)



## The Doin's of Barnacle Bell

By Joseph Chase Allen

*I*F you haint too tired of my foolish jokes,  
And the stories I tell of the old fisher-folks,  
Haul up alongside and make fast, while I tell  
This yarn of an old cuss called Barnacle Bell.

He lived and he died, many long years ago,  
But his memory lives with us still, and tis so  
Because he was always a'tryin' some scheme  
Ez wild ez the Devil's own Thanksgiving dream.

Now in them days they built all the fishin' boats small,  
Fer the folks didn't hev to go "outside" at all.  
The fish wuz so tame they would snap at an oar,  
And they ketches 'em with pitchforks, sometimes, from the shore.

But ez we hev always been told, you and I,  
In each pot of 'iintment, thars always a fly.  
So these honest fishermen, tryin' ter get  
A livin', hed plenty of trouble, you bet.

You see the darned purse-seiners, sneakin' about,  
Would grab a man's fish, if he didn't look out.  
And boats bein' small, they would set clean around,  
And purse him right up like a loon in a pound.

Now after a hand-liners got a good "slick",  
And started to fish, 'it's a cussed mean trick  
To steal 'em, and tell him to go straight to Hell!  
And such wuz the thought of old Barnacle Bell.

So he studied and thought, till he hatched up a plan  
To even things up with the purse-seinin' clan.  
Then he hauled out his boat on the railways one night,  
And shipped a new center-board, fore it wuz light.

Of iron, the forrad edge filed good and thin,  
He slapped some red lead on and then shoved her in.  
Next day, in a good workin'-breeze, out he went  
And started to fish, when a purse-seiner sent

Her boat out, and quicker than my tongue can tell  
They set their seine clean round old Barnacle Bell.  
Then Barnacle started to work out his plan,  
Twuz worthy of many a brainier man.

For he hauled aft his sheet and he let go his board  
And cut off their cork-line like shears cut a cord!  
It split the seine down for a fathom er more  
And the more that they hauled it, the further it tore.

'Course, there haint but jest one way of endin' this yarn.  
When they hauled up the seine, why it waan't worth a darn.  
And old Bell he yelled at 'em, "What do you say,  
Want to ketch any more of us hand-liners, hey?"

The story it spread and the seiners steered clear  
Of all the hand-liners, fer many a year.  
For you see, no one knew how the job had been done,  
Though folks guessed at everything under the sun.

But all that old Barnacle ever would say,  
When anyone asked how he drove them away,  
Wuz: "Two of a trade very seldom agree,  
That's why them 'air purse-seiners steer clear of me."

## Sable Island Lobstering

By Uriah M. Cunningham

*S*ING a song of lobsterin',  
The seasons' end is nigh,  
And we ain't hardly caught enough,  
To make a homard pie;  
Can't even pay expenses,  
What an awful thing.  
We haven't seen a decent day,  
We've waited all the spring.

Before the season opened,  
The boys were full of hopes;  
Paintin' buoys, and riggin' traps,  
And bendin' on the ropes;  
Tellin' yarns and laughin',  
Ez happy ez a king;  
Oh what monstrous voyages,  
They planned to make this spring.

Now we get out once a week,  
And then its in a breeze  
That's strong enough to shake Black Rock,  
And uproot willow trees,  
What the heck is comin'?  
What will the season bring?  
A cyclone and an earthquake,  
Is all we lack this spring.

Every time we go to haul,  
We have to hunt up crips,  
That's played leapfrog with eighteen shoals,  
And slid down seven ribs;  
All stone, and chafed to pieces,  
And ain't worth anything;  
That's the kind of luck we've had,  
The whole darn time this spring.

'Twill surely be a failure,  
If the weather still remains,  
Jumping jacks and tempests;  
Togs, and heavy rains;  
The boys all seem discouraged,  
Can't crack a smile or sing;  
All they say is 'gales and storms,  
The cussed length of spring.'

Pretty soon the season,  
For lobsterin' will be o'er,  
Then we'll take our shattered traps,  
And fetch 'em all ashore;  
Then gather up our trawl tubs,  
Kegs and everything  
And try to make some money  
Like we didn't make this spring.



By Joseph C. Allen

MAY has slipped to looward leaving in her wake about as hefty a string of pleasant memories as the boys have had in recent years. As Spring months go, she has been a good one for almost everyone. The mackerel have been a trifle behind their schedule and the lobster-gear went over the side rather later than it did last year, but the trawling lasted rather longer than is common, the traps have had the biggest run of squid ever known and a good cut of the seup. There is a big increase in the seabass, too, as compared with recent years, and our lads probably saved a lot of pots by having them ashore.

About the last of the pollock run came during the last week in April and the boys got in one good day at them which was just about enough. 1125 pounds was the best trip for a two-man boat and that's considered fair fishing especially when drailing.

The first of the traps went in about the first of May and Norman Benson caught the first seup, just about enough for a chowder, on the Third. On the next day they struck more solid, with some butters and mackerel with them, and Benson, Campbell and Bob Flanders each found some in the gear.

This was the same week that the seup struck on at Seacomet and Newport and one of the time-honored rules of all Vineyard fishermen, from the days of old Diogenes Chumskimmer who went mate with Gosnold, was shot clean to pieces.

Ever since Noah baited the first tub of trawl it has been observed that the seup strike at Newport from ten days to two weeks before the Vineyard Sound fishermen see them. For years the boys have figured on this and many of them have planned accordingly without any miscue whatever. But now there is nothing to go by. Old-timers say that the seup are liable to strike us first, now that they have upset the rule.

"May ez well set in February", growl these old shell-backs, "You can't tell what in thunder the fish will do now. The cussed war raised Hell with everything, seem-like!"

Once the seup came they stayed and now with all the gear in execept one trap, each one is getting a daily fare of seup and bass that compares very favorably with the days of twenty years back.

Beside this, are the squid already mentioned, for which there is a ready market and some of the boys have captured quite a bunch of dogfish. These critters bring a nickle apiece most of the time and very few are allowed to go over the topline.

Up to the nineteenth of the month the handliners had not succeeded in getting the seup to bite. Fifteen of the bay fleet went down to Hyannis and filled the water so full of hooks that their weight flattened the sea down. All they got was a flock of sculpins and bonnets and they claim that the fish are spawning. A good season is looked forward to by these hookers just the same.

Some of the draggers have been tending the ground outside of Nomansland pretty regularly, but they have brought in very small fares of mackerel so far. The traps have done the best on mackerel, but they keep increasing all the time and a considerable school seems to have passed and gone to the eastward already, for the cape traps at Chatham have been getting a few barrels every day.

Blackbacks are very plentiful but the low price has caused the otter-trawling to slacken up some. There are some flukes about, however, and these are always very good stock. Thus far it seems as though there were more than common in these waters and they struck on early beside.

(Continued on Page 26)



By M. E. McNulty

A MOVEMENT has been under way in recent weeks from Cape Traverse to Nova Scotian ports on the Bay of Fundy, where lobster fishing and packing are engaged in. Fred Irving and P. S. Howatt of Cape Traverse were the most recent to make the transfer of activity. They will be engaged in lobstering at the mouth of Fundy. Mr. Howatt was accompanied by his wife. The return to Cape Traverse will be made in the fall.

Matthew Fitzgerald, who makes his home at Queensport, N. S., has taken up residence for the summer and fall at Ballantynes Cove, N. S., and has started fishing there.

Capt. Ike d'Entremont of Centre East Pubnico, N. S., recently celebrated his 90th birthday. Capt. Ike is the sole survivor of the original Pubnico fishing fleet. He was active as a fish producer for 70 years, and for 25 years was in command of a fishing schooner, sailing out of Pubnico and other ports in the Maritime Provinces. In recent years he has been living with an unmarried daughter at Centre East Pubnico. His wife passed away 3 years ago. Of the 10 children of the couple, 6 are living. Capt. d'Entremont was one of 7 brothers, all fish producers, most of whom captained fishing schooners sailing out of maritime and New England ports for many years. Of the 7 brothers, 4 are now living. There were 6 sisters, of whom 2 are now living. On Capt. Ike's birthday, a lobster supper was served at his home, the lobsters being caught only a few hours before being served to the guests, who numbered 100. The captain delivered an address, in which he thanked his relatives and friends for the demonstration. Despite his great age, the venerable fish producer is quite active.

Capt. Arthur Casey, his son, Gordon Casey, Edgar Everett and Charles Small, had their relatives and friends on anxious seats recently. Capt. Casey is one of the veterans of the scallop fishing fleet operating out of Digby, N. S. The others named are the members of the crew of his boat, which is named the *Ralph & Harvey*, a motor equipped vessel of 22 tons.

After the *Ralph & Harvey* left the moorings at Digby for scallop dragging in Fundy, a severe storm blew up. It was one of the worst gales of the year, more severe than most of those of the winter. And it developed suddenly, for when the boat left Digby, the weather was good. After dragging for a while about 10 miles from the shore, Capt. Casey headed his boat for the New Brunswick shore, intending to do some dragging there. In the height of the big storm, the news was sent out that the Casey boat had not got back to safe harbor. The alarm was broadcast, and fishery officers and inspectors notified. The least unconcerned of all was found to be Capt. Casey and his crew. The boat was safe and sound at Mispec, N. B., about 15 miles east of St. John. After doing some dragging, the boat was docked for the night, the intention being to cross the bay to Digby the following day, owing to the storm. Scallopers were scouring the bay, after the gale subsided and everybody came to the conclusion the boat and human contents were lost. It was described as impossible for any boat to ride out that storm.

Capt. Casey said he had reported on leaving the port of Digby he intended to try out a new dragging place at Mispec across the bay. He was surprised that everybody thought him dead. Gordon Casey is only 18 years old. The other members of the crew are much older. Capt. Casey has been active in scallop dragging for 5 years.

Reports of loss of lobster traps have been frequent. In the heavy gales and stormy seas, gear has been lost or badly damaged. Efforts have been made in some places to get an extension of the lobster fishing season, because of the poor weather and the losses it has caused to the pro-

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# With Captain Bill in the North Bay

By CHARLES FREEMAN HERRICK

## A Narrative of the old Mackerel Seining Days

### Chapter XIII

THE Skipper took in the situation at a glance. He looked at me, consternation expressed in every feature which had assumed a sternness that heretofore I had never seen. "Frazier, what is the meaning of this unseemly conduct?" For the first time since I had entered the store I felt a sense of shame to be found in what must appear to the Skipper to be an act of rowdiness. As I was about to explain Mr. MacDonald placed his hand to the Skipper's arm and I noticed his usually florid face was ghastly white.

"Let me explain, Captain", he said, and his voice shook with emotion. "Just a moment", said the Skipper. "Boys, go down to the boat and wait for me; Frazier, you stop here. Now Mack—" Here Commodore Quigly who had been speechless until now, roared out: "Lieut. Archibald, I scarcely knew you at first! Why do you thus dishonor your position as an officer and a gentleman?" "That man there laid violent hands on me, sir," he blubbered. "We shall see," replied his superior officer, "Now, Captain, pardon my interruption; let us hear what Mr. MacDonald has to say and get at the truth of this disgraceful matter at once. Mr. Murray, will you be good enough to remain here a few minutes? We hope to settle this little affair in short order." By the time Mack had given a clear and concise recital of the whole situation from start to finish and at the end laid the revolver on the counter I had recovered my self possession. No one spoke as Commodore Quigly took the revolver and walked over to where Lieut. Archibald sat dejectedly in his chair, his hands hanging limply by his sides. "Does this revolver belong to you?" he asked. "I—I—think so, sir," he answered weakly. Commodore Quigly then roared out: "Answer me! Is this your gun or not?" Yes; it is, sir and—and—" "That is enough. You may return to your schooner or wait—I will instruct my men to take you on board, you are in no condition to go alone. I will, however, keep this little toy," glancing at the revolver significantly.

"You will report on board the flagship at nine tomorrow morning." He opened the door and called two of his crew who assisted the Lieutenant to the door. He went out without a look or word to anyone of the little group of men who stood watching him, and that was the last time I ever saw Lieut. Archibald, but I subsequently learned that he was afterward dishonorably discharged from the service. The Skipper broke the silence that had come over the four men while watching this sorry spectacle. "Now, Mack, there has been some damage done to your property; I planned to sail early tomorrow morning but I shall see you and adjust matters before I go. Frazier, you may go down to the boat." "Alright, sir," I answered. Then I turned to Mack: "Mr. MacDonald, I very much regret that I was forced into this brawl while in your store and I feel that I owe you an apology." I got no further for here Mack reached out a cordial hand to me. "Don't say another word, my boy, if it hadn't been for you there might have been murder committed here tonight. You did what anybody calling himself a man would have done." "Thank you, Mr. MacDonald," I replied and as I passed the Skipper and the other men I saluted the Commander of the *Bruce* and went out to join the others at the wharf.

I awoke the next morning feeling none the worse for my encounter of the night before except for a slight lameness in my right shoulder and several bruises and scratches on my face and hands which were as nothing compared to my anxiety in regard to how Capt. Bill would look upon my

little escapade. During breakfast, Archie, who sat opposite me at the second table said to me in a low tone: "Has the Skipper said anything to you yet, Frazier?" "No", I answered, "I'm afraid he's got no further use for me, Archie, but I don't see how I could have done any different, do you?" "You couldn't", said Archie, "If you wanted to save my skin, and By Thunder, I'm ready to tell him so if necessary; that fellow would have pumped a piece of lead into my system just as sure as sin if it hadn't been for you. Taint like our Skipper, though, to judge a man without a hearing. You wait, Frazier, I've known Capt. Bill longer than you have; he may feel a bit different than

he let appear before those men up there last night." Here the call came down the companionway: "When you're through breakfast boys, we'll haul the seines out and put the big seine boat on deck."

"That means home, boys," said Nub, "Guess we'll get back with a whole skin after all." "Guess we will," said Tom, "If nothing breaks more'n what's cracked." "Well", said Nub, "Get on deck and get onto your job, I want to clear this table so I can help get the big boat on deck."

When we had hauled the seines out and salted them we put heavy straps on the big seine boat, hooked on the fore and main throat hal-yards and with all hands, including Nub, we hoisted her up, swung her in by the rigging, and landed her on deck amidships. Then she was lashed and made secure. We

then hoisted our mainsail, cleared our decks and made everything shipshape. While engaged in these duties, I heard Albee say to Uncle Harris: "There comes a fellow, now, in by the Porcupine." The Skipper looked toward the approaching schooner and asked, "Kent, who is that fellow?" Kent took the glass and in a moment said: "That's the *Glad Tidings*, Skipper, and Capt. Ed's got her loaded within an inch of her life." "I'm glad", said the Skipper, "Capt. Ed. is one of the whitest men that ever trod the deck of a fisherman; I didn't know he was in the bay."

As the schooner came on they changed their course, evidently having recognized the *Augusta E.* They came up close to where we were anchored, and as they came abreast of us, they let their schooner come up into the wind close to our stern and her Captain hailed us with: "Hello Bill!" "Hello Ed" said our Skipper, "Got a good trip, I see." "Yes", replied Capt. Ed. "Everything full except the cook's bean pot and the dish pan." "Where'd you get 'em?" "Up in Gaspee Basin" called back Capt. Ed. "Plenty of 'em there; how many you got, Bill?" "Six hundred and fifty barrels", said Capt. Bill. Then Capt. Ed, with a wave of his hand called out: "Well, good bye, Bill," and said with a laugh, "I'll tell 'em your coming." "Alright", said our Skipper with an answering laugh and a wave of his hand. "Judas Priest!" said Uncle Harris, "We'll catch them before they get by Cape Sable."

The Skipper now ordered the dory to take him ashore, and in an hour or so he was back on board. As he sprang over the rail he sung out: "Under way boys," and all hands jumped to the task. Soon our foresail was up and anchor hove short. The Skipper sung out "Break her away!" and as the anchor came up to the bow, we set our jibs and filled away before a northwesterly wind.

Then three sharp reports pealed out from Albee's little cannon, and an answering salute from the cutter *Bruce*. We set our foretopsail and staysail; then the big balloon jib was brought out and hooked onto the stay, and the *Augusta E.* was speeding on her way, homeward bound.



At this moment I saw the Skipper approaching from aft. As he neared me, he said with a smile, "Come to the cabin a minute, Frazier? I want to have a little talk with you." I followed him along the quarter, wondering what was in store for me, though somewhat reassured by the smile on the Skipper's face. As we entered the cabin he silently passed me the box of cigars which I knew was reserved for special occasions. The smile now broadened and spread over his face and ended with a hearty laugh. "I'm glad it happened, Frazier, and I hope we're rid of some of the trouble that has bothered our fishermen in the North Bay. That's the very fellow who seized the two schooners a short time ago. I've always found the Canadian people to be mighty decent; this *Rover* fellow was an exception, but I guess those shoulder straps and the gold braid went to his head. You know we've got some of the same type in our own country. If I'm any judge, though, he's all done." Capt. Bill paused a moment to flick the ashes from his cigar, then he said: "Well, Frazier, let's forget it." Then, with a keen look from under his heavy brows, he said: "How'd you like the fishing game, son, as far's you've been?" For the first time since we entered the cabin I found my voice as I saw my chance to tell the Skipper of my wish to continue with him in the *Augusta E*. He listened attentively while I was speaking and when I had finished he appeared well pleased.

As he arose from his chair he said, "Well, Frazier, I consider I've got one of the best crews that ever manned a fishing schooner and I'll be glad to have you stay. Now then when you go forward, tell the boys to clear up and wash down the decks." Then he said, with a laugh, "We want to look spick and span, Frazier, you know we're going home."

"Very well, sir, and thank you," I added. As I left the cabin, I felt lighter of heart now that the Skipper had unmistakably showed his confidence in me. We sailed through Little Canso Harbor out into the broad Atlantic, the wind still blowing from the N. W., all sails drawing.

When we were well clear of the land the Skipper gave the course west by south, and as the sun sank slowly down the western sky, we were rushing along, every moment bringing us nearer home and friends. Far in on our weather quarter I could see the dim outline of the Nova Scotia shore and the little white washed lighthouse on Whitehead. As night came on, a full moon came up in a cloudless sky, bathing the ocean in its silver light. I leaned against the rail even as I had done a few short weeks ago and gazed now, as then, upon a quiet sea. I recalled every detail of this trip and its many unlooked for incidents and dangers. I thought of the sudden determination that had caused me to try for a berth on the *Augusta E*, and of the desire, that all unknown to myself, had been growing stronger and stronger each day to continue as one of her crew. Then a girlish face came up before me and I heard again the gay voice of the girl whom I had seen for so short a time, and I pictured her in my mind as she looked that night when with Captain Bill as escort she thanked me ever so sweetly for the part I had played in the saving of her father's life. I wondered if the letter she had promised would be waiting for me on my arrival home. Thus I dreamed on, and as the schooner tore along through what seemed to be a veritable sea of silver, I was lost to everything except the bounding motion of the vessel, the glories of a perfect night at sea and my dreams of what the future might hold in store for me.

I was aroused by the sound of voices raised in song. As I sensed the direction from which they came, I smiled softly to myself as I recognized the chorus of Archie's latest song—

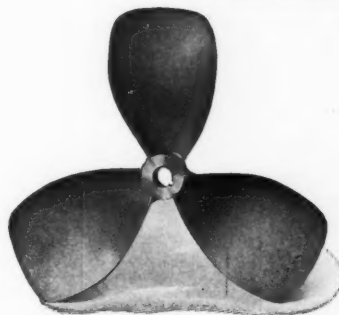
"Watch her! Catch her! Jump up in a juba ju."

The End.

Next month will start a tale by the noted writer, George Allan England. Readers of the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN are familiar with Mr. England's articles, and will be pleased to know that we are to be favored with some of his fiction. This story is to be a yarn of an old-time skipper who sailed with hoodoos with no fear of the Lord. How he came by religion will give you a good laugh.

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## With the Vineyard Fishermen

(Continued from Page 23)

The lobstering, which always begins in the bay, has been sketchy until very recently. Bad weather prevented the gear from being put in and when it did ease up and a bunch of pots went overboard, there came a blow that left chunks of pots so thick along the Elizabeth Islands shore that they looked like a picket fence. After that the weather cooled up and the lobsters wouldn't venture out of their holes without mufflers and mittens on.

For all of these reasons the catch hasn't been anywhere near normal until the middle of the month has passed and the Cuttyhunk boys had had a chance to refit.

The quohaugging is as good as common and the clam-diggers are beginning to operate. News from the south'ard regarding our boys down there is very cheering. Capt'n Horace Hillman has knocked the mackerel for a row of pickle-tubs and Capt'n Ted Morgan has also hit 'em between wind and water.

Capt'n Ted was gassed while working around his engine on the day he sailed and was knocked out completely for a short time, but no further trouble has developed as far as anyone knows.

Capt'n Bob Jackson of the schooner *Hazel N. Jackson* is fitting out to go for sword and will be out on Georges by the first week in June.

Representative Ernest J. Dean has hauled on his oilskins and become Capt'n for the summer, tending his fish-traps and lobster-gear and letting his whiskers grow for two or three days at a time if he feels like it.

Henry J. Cleveland has unstepped the mast of his boat to get at the brass truck. If that ball doesn't shine like a light-house lens in the sun, the whole season is ruined for Henry.

Capt'n Chester Robinson, president of the Lobstermen's Association and Master of the schooner yacht *Kumpus*, is among those present arguing with everybody under the sun as usual. Chet is a master hand at arguing and he is nearly always able to talk the other fellow to a standstill.

Manuel Swartz, Edgartown's famous ship-builder, has spent the past month sand-papering flag-poles. Some men will do anything for mince pie!

## Bay of Fundy Activities

(Continued from Page 23)

ducers. Some of the producers have been working with a far smaller number of traps than usual. They have been loath to buy and make more gear, because of the expense and the possibility the season would not be extended at all or only a very short time. Not enough to pay for the money spent in the buying of materials and gear.

A report from the fishing port of Wedgeport, N. S., for many years a thriving fishing community, is that about 75 per cent of the men engaged in lobster fishing have been affected by the storms. It is declared that of the total amount of gear, 75 per cent has been badly damaged, or destroyed or lost. The men had been looking forward to the lobster fishing as a profitable activity this year, and are keenly disappointed. Day after day it has been impossible to take a boat on the water, both wind and wave being on their bad behavior. In one week, the fishermen of Wedgeport could attend to their traps efficiently for only two days, and these only part time.

The view of the Wedgeport lobstermen is that the season is too short. Either that or it begins too early. They feel they are not being treated fairly, and that the help offered by the politicians has been nil. To make new traps and buy new gear costs money, and with the catches small, little money is available.

Moreover, there is the risk of life involved. The Wedgeport lobstermen have had this matter brought to their attention very forcibly recently. There have been dozens of close calls from drowning, when men have gone out, in the face of storms, to care for traps, or to save them from being lost or ruined. Then, there have been narrow escapes, when men, out in small boats, have been caught in sudden squalls and storms that have lasted as long as six hours.

Harry Lent, who has engaged in the lobster fishery out



of Wedgeport, Tiverton and Chegoggin for some years, had his motorboat overhauled, and placed in commission as a means of transportation to his traps and bringing the lobsters ashore.

With Simon Corporang, aged 64, of Wedgeport, a veteran fisherman, as his associate, he had been engaged in lobster trapping this season. The couple had considerable difficulty with bad weather, but had been plugging along in the effort to make it a satisfactory lobster fishing year for them. At 2:30 a. m. Messrs. Lent and Corporang left home in the boat to haul in their lobster traps. They were operating off Chegoggin Point, when, with only the warning of a moment, a storm came on. The wind developed into a hurricane, kicking up one of the roughest seas ever known off that point. The boat turned over and the two men were thrown into the water. Both of them succeeded in getting on the bottom of the craft, and in clinging there.

Their plight was noticed by Lloyd Bain of Chegoggin and George Outhouse of Tiverton, who went to the rescue in a motorboat. When the rescuing boat came toward the upturned craft, the rescuers distinctly saw Lent and Corporang clinging on the storm tossed boat bottom. With every big wave the boat and men would disappear for a second and would then reappear on top. Mr. Bain reached for Corporang to drag the latter into the rescuing boat. Just as he reached, however, a huge wave tore Mr. Corporang from his grip on the boat bottom and threw him into the sea. Bain and Outhouse made a desperate effort to save Corporang, but it proved useless. It was impossible to locate the man in the rough sea. They turned their attention to Mr. Lent. With the aid of a boat hook, they pulled the latter into their boat. They hooked the instrument in his clothing, and it held the weight until he was drawn to safety.

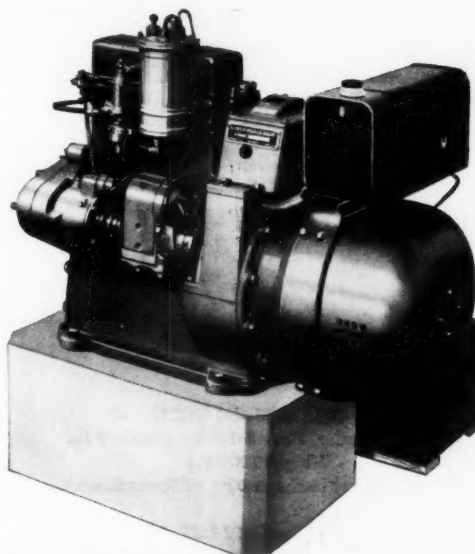
Mr. Lent was found to be unconscious. He had been on the bottom of the boat in this condition for some minutes at least. Lady Luck was with him, and his grip was so strong in spite of losing his senses, he was not torn loose and cast in to the sea like his partner. It was some time before Mr. Lent was revived. About a week elapsed before he fully recovered from his experience. The drowned man was a bachelor, and had been engaged in fishing for over 40 years. For the past 12 years he had devoted all his attention during the lobster fishing season to this branch of the fisheries. He is reported to have engaged in the deep sea fisheries for years. He had many narrow escapes in stormy weather, since devoting his major attention to lobstering. The boat was towed ashore, and proved little the worse for the battering it received.

John White, a fisherman of New Waterford, made an unusual rescue recently, near his home. He was working about his house, wondering when the ice that was packed about the coast, would disappear and allow him to fish. Taking out his field glasses, to see if there was any evidence of the ice moving away, he was astonished to see two deer on a floating ice cake about three miles from shore. Mr. White got into his motorboat and navigated between the cakes until he got within a few feet of the cake bearing the two animals. He was then on the outside of the jam, and the deer were floating into the open sea. They were mates—a buck and a doe. Mr. White succeeded in guiding the deer to shore, the animals hopping from cake to cake until land was reached. It was a perilous trip for animals, man and boat for at times the cakes threatened to crush the boat.

When ashore, the deer started to walk toward the woods, when the doe fell down, and died within a few minutes, with the buck standing by. The male deer licked the body of his mate for a few minutes and then moved off. The deer had been chased on the ice by dogs.

Fishing conditions between St. John and Shepody Bay, have not been as favorable as had been predicted. This applies to all the branches of fishing. Lobster fishing has not been nearly as profitable as had been expected. The catches have been below par. The weather had much to do with this slump. Herring fishing was fairly good. Not in the sardines, but in the large herring. The demand for the big herring has not been as good as it could be. There are prospects that the market will improve later for fresh herring, with the outlook for heavier buying from curers, along the Bay of Fundy and Northumberland Strait.

Despite the claims of biologists that the building of the dams necessary for the Cooper tide power project in Passamaquoddy Bay, would ruin the sardine fishing in the bay, the fish producers of Deer Island, Campobello Island and Grand



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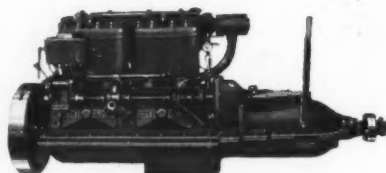
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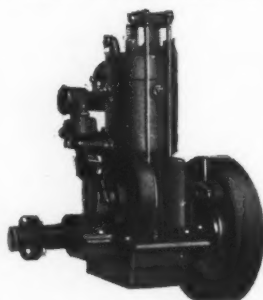
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Manan Island appear to be almost solidly in favor of the development. There seems to be little faith in the claims of biologists at present, regarding the fishing industry. Particularly, with these scientists so active in supporting the steam trawlers. It is the opinion of some of the producers there is something in the wood pile. The producers seem to feel if the biologists can justify the steam trawlers they can justify anything like the alienists employed in murder trials. The size of the fee can make an alienist see any murderer as hopelessly insane.

## Black River Abandoned

*(Continued from Page 13)*

several new beds being discovered recently, but not a scallop is being raised to the surface at the jinxed fishing port.

The Bay of Fundy is not, essentially, an oyster water, and yet oysters were found at Black River. This bed (or beds) has long since pointed toward the exit.

Clams, once abundant at Black River, have, evidently joined in the exodus. When this shellfish were plentiful, the prices were extremely low. In fact they were so unattractive, the fishermen held aloof from the clams to a marked extent.

Haddock, cod, pollock, hake, are ignoring Black River, apparently. Catches of these line fish are small, although all these fish were plentiful there for many years. Prices were then poor.

At Black River, hundreds of fishing craft were built, and sailing vessels also for the coastwise trade. A number of shipyards were functioning. All these have vanished, and the sum total of boat building in the course of a year would be a small open sailboat, which a fisherman would produce for himself.

The erstwhile producers of Black River are distributed over America. Most of them are located along the Atlantic seaboard. In the coastal fisheries of Maine, Nova Scotia, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York.

## Mutterings of the Mastheadman

*(Continued from Page 21)*

Average Tonnage ..... 89  
Average Age ..... 24 yrs.  
Average Power ..... 64 h. p.

The following summary of the production of 116 Gloucester vessels is given. These vessels, which total in size 9100 tons and have 1,575 men in the crews, landed over 91,400,000 pounds of fish, valued at approximately \$4,656,940. Figuring the actual value of the vessels at \$250 per ton their gross earnings were somewhat over double their value. Their gross stock is about one and one-quarter times the replacement value, which is in excess of \$400 per ton.

The Year Book gives the landings in pounds by specie and months of 331 craft bringing their trips to Boston, Gloucester and New York during the past year. The monthly average price of each variety of fish is tabulated so approximate stocks of each vessel can be ascertained by a little arithmetic.

About seventeen hundred vessels are listed alphabetically, with this data for each: gross and net tonnage, length, breadth, depth, crew, horsepower, type of power, date and locality built, owner's name and address.

**P**ROVINCETOWN shippers regret the action by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. in discontinuing the morning express service, thereby shutting them out of the New York market. Overland shipments to Boston have increased, practically all fish now coming here.

Last year 5200 barrels were expressed out of Provincetown on the morning train. These average \$3 per barrel, and the railroad received 47% of this amount.

**Provincetown  
Express Service  
Curtailed**

THE Governor of Massachusetts set his signature on April 26, to a bill designed to aid the propagation of lobsters in this state. The law will become effective ninety days from the signing.

Substantially, the bill is what has been petitioned for by the fishermen. It provides an annual appropriation of \$10,000 for state-wardens to purchase egg-bearing lobsters at the full market price. The fish will be marked and released in the place of purchase. Any person having a lobster so marked after its liberation is liable to a fine of not less than \$50.

Representative Ernest J. Dean of Martha's Vineyard engineered this bill, and worked for it throughout the winter and spring.

### Mass. Legislature Pass Egg-bearing Lobster Bill

### Maine Activity

(Continued from Page 21)

In six trips made inside of a single week, the little 60 foot gill-netter *Anna C.*, Captain Ole Christiansen, brought in 100,000 pounds of groundfish, stocking more than \$2,000, a record among the Portland gill-netting fleet.

South Portland has a new industry. Because of the indications of a big year in the sardine business the Hudson Pearl Company has leased a building on the Spear coal wharf and will start a pearl essence manufactory as soon as the necessary supply of herring scales becomes available.

All of the sardine factories are all set and ready to go as soon as the schools of herring strike in. It is generally believed that some time in June the fish will be taken in sufficient numbers to ensure fairly steady factory operation.

The Maine Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission has decided that Director H. D. Crie had no authority to ask the lobstermen to contribute 25 cents toward buying lobster dinners for the 1928-1929 legislators. Consequently they have requested him to return any contributions the fishermen may have forwarded.

Captain Brigham, formerly of Portland and father of Capt. Tom Brigham of the schooner *Eleanor*, has received \$1500 for salvaging the dismantled British schooner *Rose Anne Belliveau*, towing her in to Shelbourne, N. S., with his auxiliary schooner *Virginia*.

Portland Head Light which has been a fixed white light since 1791 has been changed so now its characteristic is a white flash every four seconds of two seconds duration followed by a two second eclipse. The candle power has also been greatly increased.

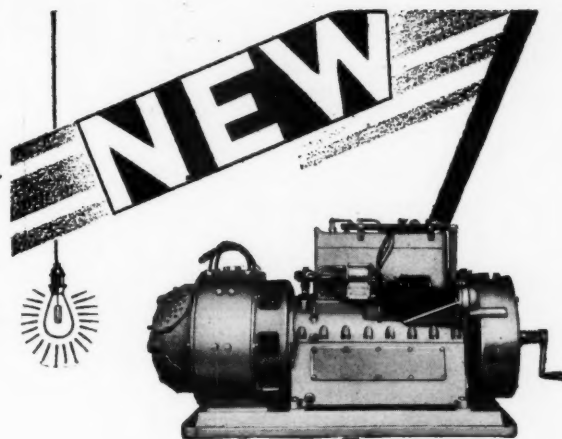
Burnham & Morrill, the Portland fish packers, have been issued a permit to construct a house for drying fish meal to cost \$4,330.

The fishing schooner *Richard J. Nunan*, Captain Fred Bickford, has had two 24-horse power gasoline motors removed and a new 150 h.p. Fairbanks Morse C. O. installed in their place. He is spending about \$10,000 on new motor and other changes and hopes to get his outlay back from the swordfish as a starter at least. The *Nunan* will be ready by the time the season opens in June.

Captain Cass Brackett, the Monhegan veteran, with his son Maynard, have gone to their island home to put the trim *Novelty* in shape for the summer passenger and party business around Boothbay waters. They have been fishing out of Portland for several weeks.

In conversation with acquaintances at Bangor during the progress of the recent Maine Development Commission Economic Congress, Commissioner Henry O'Malley, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries said the comparatively recent filleting and packaging of fresh fish had given the industry much impetus. For many years the vessels landing their catches at New England points remained at a fairly fixed level. Since 1921, however, the improved methods have meant that housewives have been buying a lot more fish.

According to Commissioner O'Malley landings at Boston have increased from 105,000,000 to 195,000,000 pounds; at Gloucester from 33,000,000 to nearly 53,000,000 pounds, and at Portland, from 13,500,000 to 16,000,000 pounds. This is a total increase of around 100,000,000 pounds in seven years.



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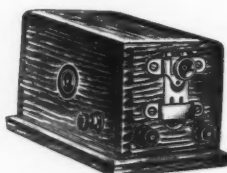
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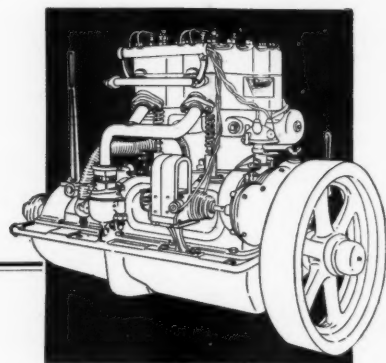
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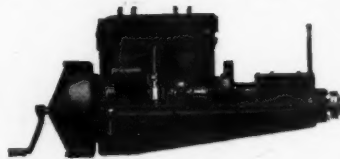
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